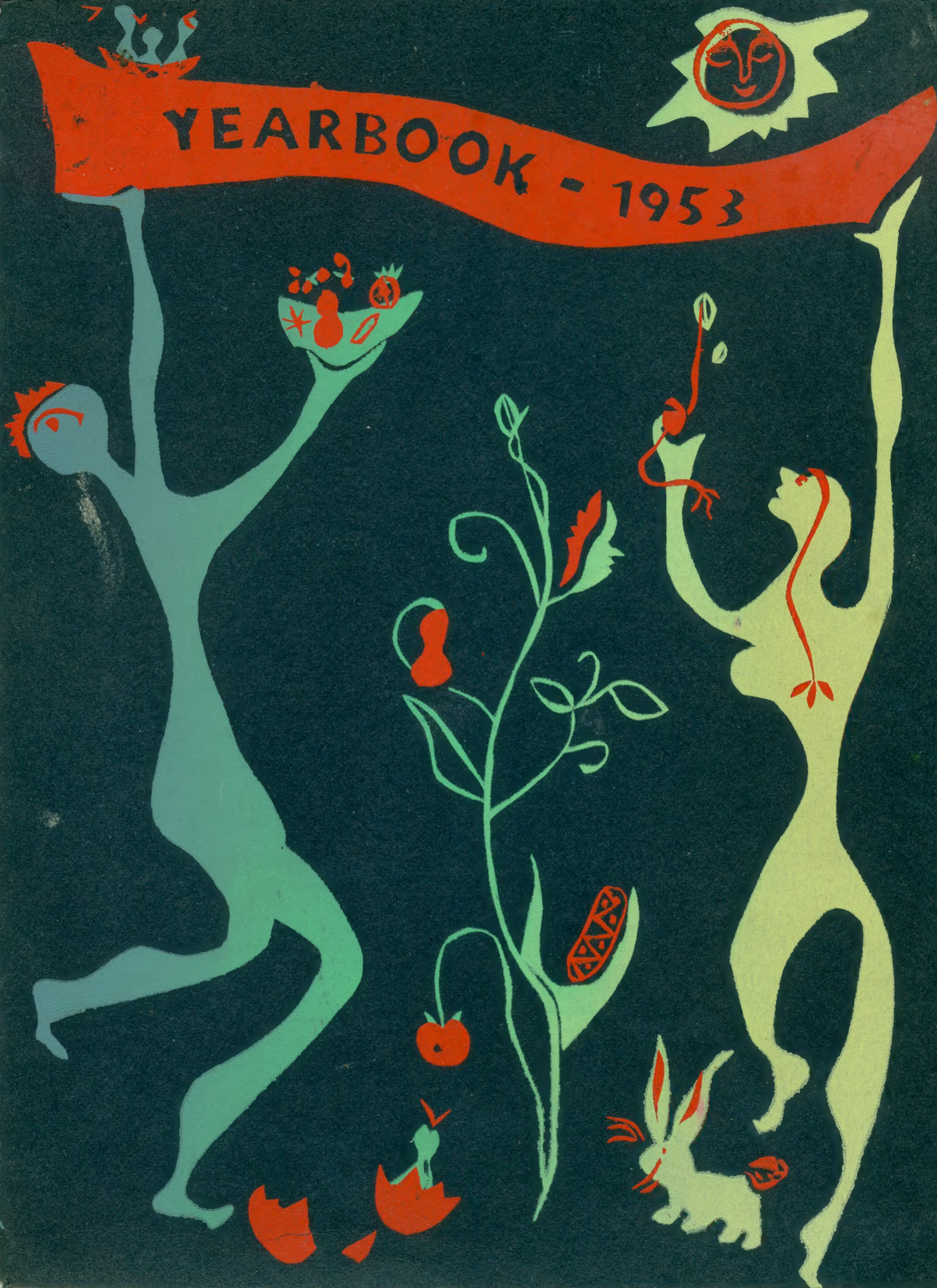


YEARBOOK - 1953







To further the growth and development of its campers is one of the main principles of Buck's Rock Work Camp. Here we can bring out any abilities or talents we may have, improve our personalities, and in general, mature. We are introduced to activities which may be new to us - folksinging, perhaps, or farming, or any one of the shops. We grow by the things we do, whether they be good or bad. We grow by the dreams we have and by their influence on us. At Buck's Rock we meet different kinds of people and, as a result, we broaden our outlook on life and we develop our own standards. So, we grow too, by discovering people. That is why we have picked growth as the theme of this summer's yearbook - growth through doing, dreaming, and discovering.





Published by the Campers of  
Buck's Rock Work Camp  
New Milford, Connecticut  
Summer 1953

thus grows a Camp







Message  
Photo  
Introductory Poem

FROM ERNST

Ernst Bulova  
Fred Simon  
Jim Heinrich

## WE GROW BY DOING

Divider  
Birth of the Calf  
Photo  
Animal Farm  
Farm Lab  
Vegetable Farm  
Photo  
Introduction

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE PULL

GOOD OLD CHEVY HAD A FARM  
DOING WHAT  
COMES NATURALLY

SHOPS  
PUBLICATIONS  
HANDS AT WORK

CERAMICS  
WEAVING  
PHOTO  
ART

PRINT  
CONSTRUCTION

JEWELRY  
WOOD  
GREAT THINGS ARE DONE...

Photo

Photo

Sports

Overnights  
Riding  
Swimming  
Laundry  
Annex  
Evening Activities  
Letter to the Editor  
Drama

...WHEN MEN AND MOUNTAINS MEET  
ALL IN !  
LAUNDRY DAY  
LIFE IN THE ANNEX  
WHEN DAY IS DONE  
ACT YOUR AGE

Alice Zuckerberg  
Nancy Hirsh  
Fred Simon  
Richard Levy  
Susan Leshowitz  
Joan Roth  
Photo Shop  
Anne Wikler  
Richard Levy  
Art Laufer and  
Photo Shop  
Anne Wikler  
Richard Levy  
Carol Levy  
Shawna Tropp  
Alice Zuckerberg  
Linda Berwitz  
Joel Hendler  
Art Laufer  
Margie Rose  
Anita Hamilton  
Dick Israel  
Phyllis Jacoby  
Marty Lapidus  
Margie Rose  
Ruth Stone  
Anita Hamilton  
Gail Rubin  
Gail Rubin  
Paul Silfen  
Margie Rose  
Donald Schwarz  
John Randolph  
Joel Handler  
Andy Morrison

Dance	TRIPPING THE MODERN FANTASTIC	Marsha Levy Ruthann Rappaport
Photo		Mary Sussman
Folk Music	SING WITH US	Kitty Singerman Alice Zuckerberg
Chorus		Denise Levinson Ruth Stone
Orchestra		Kitty Singerman
Meetings	BUCK'S ROCKERS DON'T DECIDE BUT	Shawna Tropp
Photo		Photo Shop
Staff	WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT...	Joel Hendler
Memories	DO YOU REMEMBER ?	Committee

### WE GROW BY DREAMING

Divider	THE FOREST	Bob Wohlgemuth
Story	Try - -	Bob Wohlgemuth
Poem	FOR EACH	Carol Levine
Poem	CONFLICT	Thea Fuchs
Story	THE HAT	Alice Zuckerberg
Poem	THE CITY	Shawna Tropp
Story	ANOTHER'S WAY	Kitty Singerman
Poem	WE DREAM OF THE	Andrew Morrison
Divider	BUCK'S ROCK SPIRIT	
Essay	OAK	Sally Amster
Story	SUMMER NIGHT	Joel Hendler
Essay	HAIL FELLOW, WELL MET!	Andrew Morrison
Story	THREE YEARS	Shawna Tropp
		Richard Levy

### WE GROW BY DISCOVERING

Divider	IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE	Shawna Tropp
Campers		Joel Hendler

### ADDRESSES

Girls	CHERCHEZ LA FEMME	
Boys	BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER	
Assistants	LOOK FOR THE LITTLE BIG WHEELS	
Kitchen Staff	LOOK FOR THE LITTLE BIG MEALS	
CIT's	THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE	
Counselors	LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING	
Will		Committee
Poem	DISCOVERY	Joan Roth





FROM

*Amst*



Each year at the end of the summer, Buck's Rock sends you a message of farewell.

We have done our best to give you a summer in which your intellectual, physical and emotional capacities have been utilized in ways that are most beneficial for you. We have tried to give you every opportunity to participate in healthy and stimulating activities, that have enabled you to test and explore your potentialities for development. We have tried to foster your individual growth towards creativeness, independence and maturity.

Since Buck's Rock, in its deepest sense, is a flexible, active living force, founded on certain concepts, that we believe to be true, I would like to impart them to you in this message of farewell.



**B** Try to Build your human relationships on love and respect...This cannot be achieved through isolation from other beings or by throwing yourself into frantic competition with them...Through working together, for their betterment, as well as yours, you will be able to Build successful human relationships, not only for idealistic reasons, but as a basis for mental health.

**U** Try to Understand the people around you: One can never know everything about any person but the more one knows, the more one can Understand one's own strengths and weaknesses.

**C** Try to foster your aims towards responsible Citizenship. The basis of the democratic society in which we live, is to be mature. One must accept responsibility not only for oneself, but for the society in which one lives. We live in a country where we have social and political possibilities that give us, as individual citizens, the right to participate actively in making political decisions. By taking advantage of this privilege, we develop political intelligence and responsibility.

**K** Try to seek Knowledge...and you will discover that through Knowledge comes objectivity in criticism and approval, mental alertness, inner freedom, balance and happiness.

**S** Try to acquire Sympathy, not only for other human beings, but for the world you live in...Understand, do not condemn...Try to improve...Use your Sympathy not as a means of self indulgence or superiority, but as a way of approaching, through understanding, the problems which beset us, and then, through this awareness, to solve them.

**R** Try to face Reality. For it is through Reality that you will find the emotional security that will enable you to meet life. Some of you may carry in yourselves the emotional residuals of past years, you may even be aware of it...You will find security, each of you in his own way, if you step into the world of Reality, however chaotic and frightening it may appear at times. Trust life, trust Reality... and you will be amply rewarded.

**O** Try to give yourself every Opportunity to relate yourself to other human beings, to have faith in those around you, to develop your own integrity.

**C** Try to develop Courage that is based on inner strength, that will enable you to face difficult situations purposefully and with tranquility of spirit. This is the most valuable gift you can give yourself...When you fail in Courage, you will be the one who suffers most. One knows when one fails oneself...and one knows when one is victorious.

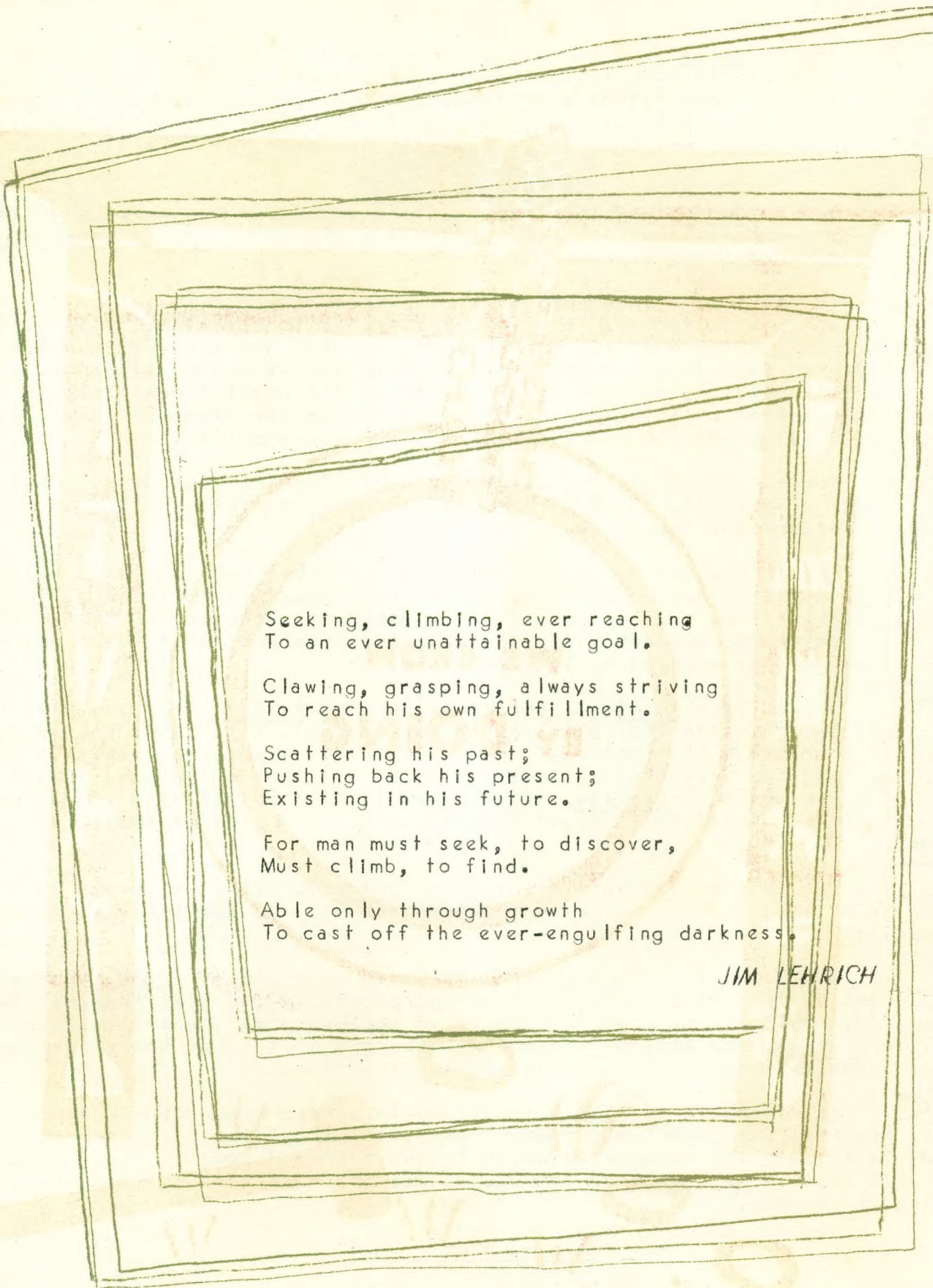
**K** Try to build Kinship with the world around you. We are human beings, powerful yet powerless, significant yet insignificant...Reach out your hands in friendship and understanding to those around you, to those whom you will meet in the years to come...just as you have done to each other during the summer.

This is Buck's Rock.

This is its message.

And may it help us to reach our objectives, so that we can make this a better and safer world.





Seeking, climbing, ever reaching  
To an ever unattainable goal.

Clawing, grasping, always striving  
To reach his own fulfillment.

Scattering his past;  
Pushing back his present;  
Existing in his future.

For man must seek, to discover,  
Must climb, to find.

Able only through growth  
To cast off the ever-engulfing darkness.

JIM LEHRICH

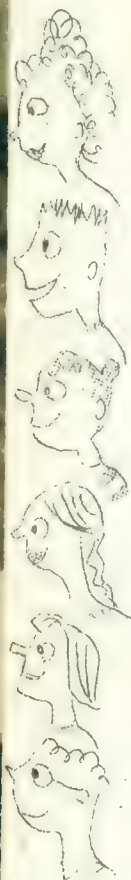




WE GROW  
BY DOING



## YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE PULL



The calf" shouted an enthusiastic camper as he raced through the shops. "It's big now---for sure!" Hearing these long-awaited words, campers, CIT's, and counselors followed the racing crowd up past the flagpole to the CIT tents, where our pregnant Holstein cow Jutta was residing.

Much to the happiness of the counselors, as well as Ernie and Ilse, Jutta gave birth during the day. For a number of nights preceding the eventful day, CIT's had bravely given up the better part of their nights to be near the cow to watch for any signs of labor and to inform the camp when the calf was born. Each morning tired and anxious faces greeted us at breakfast.

After a few minutes, most of the campers and counselors from all over camp

surrounded the cow. Then - the hoof appeared, but, upset by the excitement and hysteria of the campers, Jutta decided to keep the anxious people waiting, so the hoof was drawn back. Since Chevy thought the umbilical cord was already broken and the calf, ready to breathe by itself, might suffocate, he helped the cow by reaching inside and pulling the calf out by the hooves. In this he was skillfully assisted by Bob Citkowitz. Thus the helper began her life. Jutta took care of the necessary cleanup by licking her young calf. It was only a few minutes later that the calf took her first staggering steps, which were followed by her first meal supplied by Jutta.

As most people know, it takes a male and a female, a sperm and a fertilized egg to produce a living thing. In Jutta's case it was the same but this time there was no direct contact with the bull. Instead artificial insemination was used. Since a bull produces enough sperm to fertilize many more cows than just one, science has developed a method in which the sperm is divided and preserved so that the sperm can be used to fertilize many cows. The process is accomplished by inserting a capsule containing sperm into the cow. Artificial insemination is a money-saving process which is used at many farms and dairies throughout the country.

To all of us who were there, seeing the cow give birth was a wonderful experience. We appreciate the opportunity we had to be present at this exciting event.

NANCY HIRSH



# GOOD OLD CHEVY HAD A TAN



This has been a summer in which the workers on the animal farm have learned many things about the science of animal husbandry.

Working with the animals which they bought and which they grew to love over the summer, they learned modern methods of caring for their animals under the inspiring direction of Hector "Chevy" Chevannes and assistant Bob November.

First of the main purchases of the summer was Flenor Juta Dobes Posch, the cow of royal blood which recently became the main attraction of camp. Soon after, a pig feeding platform with a modern drainage system was built by the construction crew, and the pigs lived in the cleanest possible conditions. Minor surgery was performed on one of these animals, when two of the farm workers attempted to attach a toenail which had broken off.

Seven calves were purchased at the start of the summer with hopes for a successful bovine season. Two of the calves died, however, and by a post mortem dissection performed by Chevy, the cause of death of one was determined. The others, picturesquely named Midnight, Roberta, Ichabod, Heartbreak, and Independence, were staked out in different places each night to prevent scours (diarrhea), and their youthful antics never ceased to delight the campers.

A brood of seventy-six chickens arrived during the second week of camp, and from their arrival to the end of the summer, they laid about two and-a-half dozen eggs a day, which were placed on the selling stand or sold to the kitchen. The chicken house became the office of the animal farm, in which all notices were placed and many supplies were kept. To have a key to the chicken house meant that one was a "big wheel."

Two sheep and a ram, purchased pre-season, also provided daily excitement for the farm workers. The sheep escaped daily from their small pen but were always brought safely back. A problem arose from this situation, for the sheep would run to a vacant field and make the field unfit to pasture other animals.

Exemplifying growth in its most obvious sense have been the ducklings bought early in the summer. Upon their arrival they were about the size of a man's fist and of an ugly brown color. At the end of the summer they were almost full grown, and had pure white feathers and pink bills. Often, after others had left for the morning, one lone camper could be seen standing at the duck pond, lazily filling it with water.

The camper who trod the white stone-lined path that led to the animal farm once, usually returned again to feed or clean the animals or to construct something for their use, with the result that he got a good tan, learned much, and came to love the many animals who grew under his care.

RICHARD LEVY

## DOING WHAT COMES--

Farm lab activities have interested many. Through our experiments, we have learned many things about the lab animals. By putting them through mazes we have discovered that these naive creatures find it easier to climb over a maze than through it. There have also been dissections of a baby rabbit, a snake, a chicken, and a chicken hawk. Our almost scientific laboratory has been inhabited by ten hamsters born in the lab. The lab was busiest in the morning, when, under the careful supervision of Julia Herskowitz and Bob Kupperman, rodent owners cared for their pets. White rats and hamsters agreed that they received excellent care. Some even looked forward to a life of luxury with their keepers, since campers arranged to buy their pets and take them home. The lab has given learning and experience to those who have taken part.

SUSAN LESHOWITZ

## NATURALLY

At the beginning of the summer, the Buck's Rock farmers had a big job on their hands. When anyone visited the farm, he saw a quarter of the field covered only by flourishing weeds. Imagine selling weeds at Festival! So, Buck's Rock got to work! By the end of the summer, in place of the useless plants, lettuce, beans, beets, cabbage, corn, and squash, some of which were planted by Buck's Rock green thumbs themselves, could be seen and tasted.

The farm was enlarged with two of the favorite crops, potatoes and corn. More money was made too, because of the new policy concerning the corn crop, which was not sold to the kitchen wholesale this year, but was sold for a dime an ear. The whole camp got into the corny spirit munching hot corn dripping with melted butter. A memorable activity at camp!

Tomatoes were a big product too. At first, the farm thought the tomatoes would be lost because of a blight, but they were mistaken and the tomatoes grew into a healthy red color.

At Festival this year, the farm set up a stand between the Girls House and Boys House and sold soda, ice-cream, iced tomatoes, hot corn, and a dozen other vegetables.

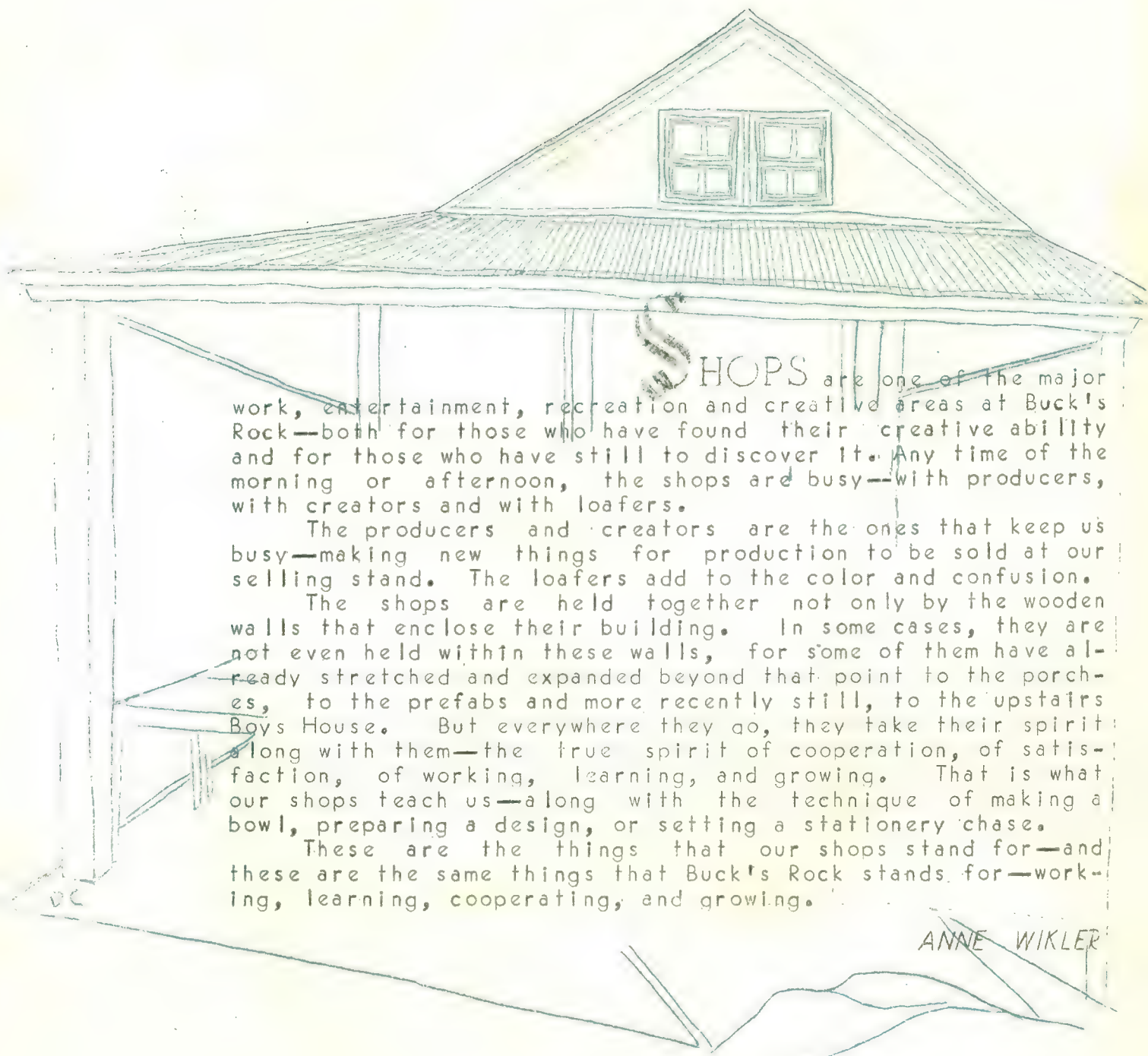
This has been a delicious summer thanks to Lloyd Bergan and Alex Strasser, the counselor farmers in charge.

JOAN ROTH









**SHOPS** are one of the major work, entertainment, recreation and creative areas at Buck's Rock—both for those who have found their creative ability and for those who have still to discover it. Any time of the morning or afternoon, the shops are busy—with producers, with creators and with loafers.

The producers and creators are the ones that keep us busy—making new things for production to be sold at our selling stand. The loafers add to the color and confusion.

The shops are held together not only by the wooden walls that enclose their building. In some cases, they are not even held within these walls, for some of them have already stretched and expanded beyond that point to the porches, to the prefabs and more recently still, to the upstairs Boys House. But everywhere they go, they take their spirit along with them—the true spirit of cooperation, of satisfaction, of working, learning, and growing. That is what our shops teach us—along with the technique of making a bowl, preparing a design, or setting a stationery chase.

These are the things that our shops stand for—and these are the same things that Buck's Rock stands for—working, learning, cooperating, and growing.

ANNE WIKLER



## THE PUBLICATIONS SHOP

Friday was a big day in Buck's Rock this summer, for on that day was published the long-awaited Weeder's Digest, produced by the publications workshop directed by Adele Weiss and Leon Winston. Many people who received the issue would thumb expectantly through the pages for their article, or point with pride at a neat page and say, "I helped run that off." Special features such as a nonsense story about a red gillik, a laundry expose consisting of a clean sheet of paper, a satirical News of the Week, and a take-off on a typical camp newspaper, made the summer's Digests interesting to read and worth sending home to the folks, which many campers did.

But these seven issues which were published took much more work than most people realized. On Monday, organized writing sessions were held to help people write their articles, and to get the stories in on time. This system worked quite well, and by Monday afternoon, layouts were made, and some stencils were typed. On Tuesday, we typed to layouts, ran off some pages (sometimes on the wrong side), and by Wednesday, we were really in full swing. On Thursday, second colors were run off, the pages with photographs on them came back from the photo shop, and the art shop began the production of their attractive silk-screened covers. On Friday a crew gaily singing folk songs would stand at our tables collating and stapling all the pages, and we would plan the next issue. Then two people would stand in the Social Hall corridor and give a paper to everyone who, after Ernie's announcements, was eager to receive the Digest. On Friday night, we held a meeting to discuss the issue, and to give assignments for the next week, and we started all over again.

This year, the publications workshop has added a new publication to its list. The active creative writing group, also under Adele's supervision, came up with short essays and poems on Voices, Fear, Fireworks, If Only, Happiness, and Ocean, and the workshop decided that their writings should be issued to the entire camp. And so, "Nothing in Particular" (their unassuming name for their forty-eight page booklet) was published. This was the first year in Buck's Rock's history that such a booklet was published, and it was indeed a good one.

This Yearbook itself, produced in two weeks by the publications crew, is the piece de resistance of our year of creativity. In this book we combine a record of the important events of the season with some of the best creative writing pieces. All that we have learned about composition, design, and format goes into this, our Yearbook, which shows, not only how the camp as a whole and the campers in general have grown, but also, how we in the workshop have grown through the summer.

The publications workshop also produced the programs for Festival. In one week, after the information was given to us, the program was written, designed, mimeographed, and passed out at Festival. After the last issue of the Weeder's Digest was produced, we all had a good night's sleep, and closed up the Publications Workshop for 1953.

RICHARD LEVY







## T THE CERAMIC SHOP

To the visitor to the Buck's Rock Shops, the ceramic shop is the first to meet the eye because of its location at the entrance to the shop building. It is a pleasant sight—for the shop is filled with busy people doing many things.

Sculpture was an important activity this year. All kinds of heads and figures were made, and according to Harry Allan, counselor in charge of ceramics, many of them were comparable to work done in professional art school. A lovely animal figure, that of a stylized donkey, was put into production. Tiles that were mass produced this year were of such design that they could be sold in the finest shops.

A new electric potter's wheel supplemented the old kick wheel this summer, and, after a number of demonstrations, there was great enthusiasm about using it.

Campers were helped to develop their ideas and express themselves in their ceramic work by counselor Gabby Rosenberg. The two large kilns were fired almost every day.

As a result of the low cost of the raw materials and the high quality of its products, the ceramic shop was able to make a large contribution to the camper's selling profit. Many campers asked where they could continue to study ceramics at home, because of their newly developed interest in ceramics and sculpture this summer.

ANNE WIKLER

## THE WEAVING SHOP

After the boys had been uprooted from their rightful place in the Boys House Lounge, a day of woofs and warps began in the weaving shop of Lenny Simon and assistant Thea Fuchs. Along with these noted "eager weavers" came others. Monday brought the barber. Next, two boys would enter to play a game of chess or checkers for a tournament. Lenny would then take all of the looms out of a closet and work began. Some would take looms away to work quietly elsewhere.

The Boys House Lounge was always filled with boys and girls contentedly working on belts, guitar slings, or mats for personal use. Those working on production wove the beautiful huck towels and aprons.

When the afternoon rolled around, the chorus would invade the weaving shop, and weavers would have to crowd behind their looms to escape the booming voices of the tenors and basses. The next day at the same time, the weavers had to weave through the blasts of the brass section of the orchestra. A bit of tap dancing, the hum of the sewing machine, the bang of the piano, the brushing of hair, and the strumming of the guitar are other sounds through which the campers wove. And yet, the fact that the products from the weaving shop were continually produced and sold proves the wonderful ability, perseverance and patience of the Buck's Rock weavers.

RICHARD LEVY

## THE PHOTO SHOP

**A**s you enter the photography shop you are greeted by the smell of hypo, the sight of film hanging from racks and of stainless steel developing tanks glistening in the sun, and the sound of sawing from the wood shop next door. If you keep walking straight, you will find yourself in a black maze. Knowing that the end eventually has to come, you turn several corners, and spy light, but very dimly. Finally coming to the end of the maze, you enter a dimly lit room, where bent figures are at work making contact prints under enlargers. Sighs of frustration may be heard from people having trouble enlarging, and yells for Marty are heard. Coming to the rescue, a tall figure enters the room and comes to the aid of the struggling photographer.

Many people have been helped this year in the technique and in the art of photography. Many campers have learned to develop film and make contact prints, and some have learned to enlarge. Others have taken part in the various phases of the work of adding photographs to each week's Weeder's Digest, and to this yearbook. The photo shop put out for sale several post cards, picturing scenes from Buck's Rock, and has had several exhibitions of outstanding photographs taken by the campers.

Members of the photo shop also took several trips during the summer to places of natural beauty, such as Kent Falls, Chicken Hill, and the Housatonic River, with fun and photographs as the results.

CAROL LEVY

## THE ART SHOP

**N**estled among the ceramic, photo, print, and wood shops lies the well of inspiration -- a rather mottled well perhaps, but nevertheless, a well from which one can fish up Peter Jensen with a pallet and brush, and Emelyn Garofolo with a silkscreen and squeegee.

What may arise from the well depends on the individual camper. Here, one may retire with but a confused mass of paint, paper and brush, and bring forth a masterpiece of creativity. Through the early morning mist, grounds may be seen blazing trails through the wilderness of Buck's Rock to try to capture on paper some of its scenic wonders. Also, one may find eager artists expressing themselves through the media of oils, watercolors, and pastels. Proof of this is found all over the art shop in the form of various pieces of timeless art.



Emelyn has offered to Buck's Rock campers, for the first time, a course in the basic principles of good design. These sessions have proved most lucrative, since from the dabbling have come several original designs deemed fine enough for production, including silkscreened placemats, and napkins. These showed that the shop's first attempt at silkscreening fabrics was successful. And, as usual, the art shop has played its part in designing and screening illustrations for the Weeder's Digest and the Yearbook. Many campers, new to this activity, have learned techniques and derived much satisfaction from their fine work. Although all of these works may not hang in the Louvre they nevertheless play an important part in building confidence and making the potentiality in each camper a reality.

SHAWNA TROPP  
ALICE ZUCKERBERG

## THE PRINT SHOP

Amidst the clacking typewriters and ever-running mimeographs lies the print shop. Despite the distracting noises of the woodshop next door, the print shop crew, under Leon's direction, has managed during its fourth summer to go merrily on its way and produce a varied list of printed and mimeographed items.

Announcements, invitations, programs, and letters to parents were produced in the print shop. In addition, original and beautiful stationery for personal and production use was made by campers and counselors.

Using our new "super-speed" electric typewriter and our new Danish mimeograph machine with the un-inkable roller, mimeographed items were typed and run off under assistant Jim Lehrich's supervision. Some of the letters were run off on the new Buck's Rock stationery which was designed in the print shop last year.

Typing classes were started for the first time this year. Under the direction of assistant Diane Colb, many campers who has used only the hunt-and-peck system learned to touch-type in these weekly lessons.

Another major activity in the print shop was providing typewriters for individual letters home. Though sometimes temporarily discouraged by the lack of ribbons in the typewriters, campers have developed methods for using the ribbonless machines and cheating the fancy lock on the electric typewriter. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention.

Such is the print shop; a shop to which, despite its small peculiarities, campers return again and again.

RICHARD LEVY  
LINDA BERWITZ

DIG THAT

CRAZY

HOLE!



Look, Mom, see the nail on the third rafter from your left? I hammered that nail in. We built the whole thing all by ourselves."

Such is the pride expressed by members of the construction crew when looking at a finished project. The Buck's Rock construction crew has worked on five major projects this year -- the poured concrete pig feeder at the animal farm, the smoothed out paths around camp (dirt was used to fill holes and cover rocks), the maintenance and construction shop in the Girls' House cellar, Anne Allan's modern little house, and last--but also most well-known, and most impressive, the kitchen annex.

Hal Loren and Julie Horowitz are the counselor supervisors of the construction crew. They

are assisted by Alan Blank and Judy Lack. The kitchen annex pretty closely resembles the original sketches made by campers at the first meeting of the year.

The annex, which replaced the old steam table arrangement, was completed with but one minor flaw -- one wall was found to be one foot nine inches shorter than planned. This did not fluster Hal, and the annex will undoubtedly remain with one wall a foot and nine inches short till the far-distant day when it crumbles.

All materials used by the construction crew were bought locally as needed. Then, under the sure hands of eager "Buck's off their Rockers," these materials took shape into structures which present-day campers may revisit in the future and view with pride and a feeling of "I helped build that."

Here are some of the interesting vital statistics about the kitchen annex: Ten cubic yards of concrete were used for the floor, forming an anchor weighing twenty-eight tons; approximately 5000 board feet of lumber were utilized in the building; seventy-five campers worked on and off on the project, shoveling, hammering, sawing and supervising.

Whenever there is something to be built--call on the A.F. of HAL.

JOEL HENDLER



## THE JEWELRY SHOP

In the outdoor jewelry shop, between the prefabs, pins, bracelets, earrings, and necklaces are produced. Under the able direction of Julia Winston and her assistant, Carolyn Epstein, next year's Christmas presents are created. With the help of some asphalt and an acid bath, the patrons of the jewelry shop make two-tone pins. About twenty boys and girls come to the shop each day and, using such materials as copper, brass, and German silver, as well as two-tone metal, they make attractive products sold at the stand.

MARGIE ROSE

## THE WOOD SHOP

Entering the wood shop, you immediately sensed a general atmosphere of activity, the clean smell of wood shavings, and the buzzing noises of the band saw, drill press, or the lathe. In this shop campers made such objects as scrap books, tile trays, bowls, and plates, for themselves and for production, ably assisted and taught by Pete Garofolo, Daniel Murgue, and John Herzog.

In addition to working on projects, the wood shop found time to remodel its own shop and build cabinets in the art shop. In the wood shop, machines were rearranged to give the camper more room and ease. Two work tables and a long, window-high cabinet were built to house unfinished work, a silhouette of all tools was painted in the tool closet to make, for easy identification, and a check-out system was established. These improvements increased the shops efficiency.

One of the common articles made in this shop is a bowl. The first step is selection of the wood. After having the advantages and disadvantages of oak, mahogany, walnut, and cherry explained, you make your choice. The surface of the wood is made smooth and flat on the electric sander. Diagonal lines are drawn to determine the center of the block and the largest circular surface possible is cut out on the band saw. A face plate is attached with glue and screws to a round block of wood and then to the future bowl.

The bowl is put upon the lathe, and, clothed in apron, gloves, and mask, you stand over the lathe, armed with a gouge. For what seems to be endless hours, you carve your wood-block into a graceful shape. After sanding the bowl to produce a smooth surface, you rub the bowl with salad oil or wax.

The bowl is removed from the lathe, the face plate is taken off, the screw holes are filled with plastic wood, and last, the bottom is flocked with felt. You stand back and gaze with satisfaction at your finished production, which represents a few hours of your time, and is now a beautiful piece of work.

Throughout your work on this bowl you have been astonished by the friendliness of the people in the shop, as they came in to work, repair, and admire. Their admiration and helpful criticism have made you feel as if you belonged.

ANITA HAMILTON

# S GREAT THINGS ARE DONE

Sports really had an important place at Buck Rock this summer, for not only did many campers take advantage of the different facets of our sports program, but many not actively engaged in athletics enjoyed watching the games.

The most popular sport of the summer was baseball, directed by Les Fernandes, for the senior team practiced many times a week and played four games and the four-team Watermelon League played every day. Clinics were also held for those who wished to improve their form and their average. We lost the first hardball game against the New Milford American Legion team, but we put up a good fight, with Vic Ripp pitching a no-hitter and striking out eleven men. We didn't do well in the next game against Well's Chicks, but in the third game against New Milford (a softball game) we won 20-6. In the fourth game, against Well's Chicks, pitched by Steve Silver, we triumphed too. We also played several games among ourselves, here at camp. Early in the season, in the annual camper-counselor game, the counselors beat the campers, 16-6. The old battle between the sexes flared up again when the senior team played the girls in a softball game, the result of which was 28-2, in favor of the boys. The Watermelon League gave many campers a chance to play ball. The four teams battled all summer for the coveted first place.

Out on the rifle range, shooting went on every day except Sunday, also under Les's able direction. Of the approximately eighty-five shooters, many qualified for pro-marksman, marksman, and other ranks. To qualify for pro-marksman, one had to have twenty-five points or over, for ten targets. For each rank above that, one needed five points higher for each of the ten targets.

Thirty-five people went out for archery this summer. Under Dutch's instruction, they made higher scores than ever before. This is the first year in which campers have earned the rank of Junior Bowman, which requires that the archer make 160 points with thirty arrows. Dutch feels that archery develops control, poise, co-ordination, and respect for the other fellow's ability. In archery one competes with oneself, not with others.

Down at the tennis court, campers learned a very worthwhile game. Joan O'Rourke taught beginner and intermediate classes in tennis. Joan enjoyed teaching tennis because she had the chance to meet the campers in a relaxed atmosphere.

Many campers and CIT's participated in the badminton, ping-pong, and tennis tournaments. Chess and checker tournaments were added this year.

Sportsmanship and spirit were exhibited by everyone in all these activities.





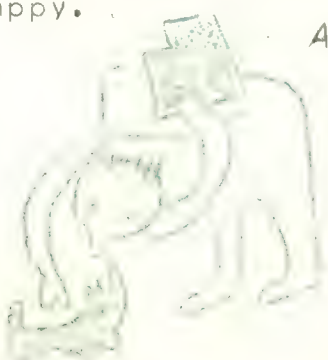
## WHEN MEN AND MOUNTAINS MEET

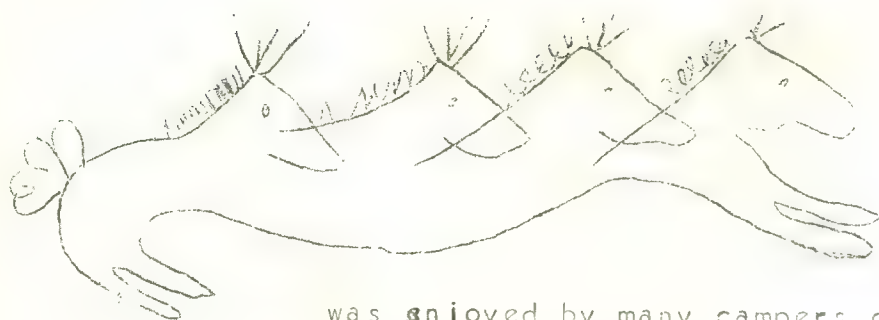
Camping is an activity that is enjoyed at Buck's Rock by many campers, from the youngest to the oldest. The five Connecticut State Parks that we visited are Black Rock, Mount Tom, Macedonia Brook, Burr Pond, and Housatonic Meadows. In addition, there is an annual overnight to Tanglewood. This year, the boys stayed at Lake Buhul, outside Great Barrington.

The overnights generally left on Wednesday mornings, accompanied by Don or Dutch, overnight counselors. We would set up camp and after lunch we would take a hike. After a steak dinner there would be an enjoyable evening activity, such as a hike up Mount Tom, Black Rock, or Mohawk Ski Area. Then would come a marshmallow roast around the open campfire until it was time to crawl into a sleeping bag and settle down for the night. Unfortunately for some, going to bed was not the same as going to sleep, and voices would be heard far into the night discussing one subject or another.

If the night was warm, the campers woke refreshed (that is, provided they had found it possible to sleep in spite of rocky ground, insects, and shifting blankets), and ready for whatever might lie ahead. This would consist of getting breakfast and breaking camp. When all gear was stowed away, and the campfire site cleaned, everyone boarded the truck. Sometimes trips were taken to Lake Waramoug, where the campers would swim and later have lunch. At around four o'clock the groups returned, wind-blown, sun-burned, tired, and most important, happy.

ANITA HAMILTON





## RIDING at Buck's Rock

was enjoyed by many campers once again this year. Eight excellent horses were maintained and seventy-five campers took riding, making it possible to ride three times a week. The horses came from Clairmonte Stables in New York, where Bernard Lee, our instructor is employed. The ring was moved to the old archery field, enabling riding to become more concentrated than in past years, as Lee has done mostly ring work. Instead of the usual instruction on how to stay on the horse, Lee emphasized how to manage the horse. Great stress was put on the coordination of hands and legs by various drills. Diagonal changes, turn on the fore-hand, figure eights, riding without stirrups and jumping off the horse at a trot are only a few of the drills riders practiced. All was not ring work however. Campers also rode along the trails leading from camp under the supervision of assistant counselor Steve Fleischer.

The year was climaxed for the advanced riders when Joan Kinzer, Carole Warnow, Mary Sussman, Marylinn Margulies and assistant counselor Bob Thomases entered the Litchfield County horse show, enabling riders to make use of what they had learned.

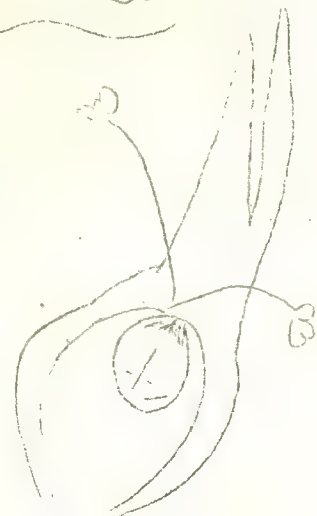
The proof of the excellence of the year was, Lee proudly said, that there were no beginners left.

## ALL IN!




With that cry, Buck's Rockers plunged into the depths of the swimming hole, which usually bore more than a slight resemblance to the northern polar regions. With the installation of the Buddy System and daily instruction, swimming seemed at last to be coming into its own here. Trucks began taking campers both to and from swim, thus eliminating the long walk down. Larry our swimming counselor, offered Junior and Senior Lifesaving classes, which were attended by a large number of people. Clinics for beginners and for practiced swimmers interested in improving their form and speed were held every morning, and various exercises were given.

The year ended with a short water exhibition, on the day before Festival, in which several of the more advanced swimmers displayed some fancy techniques.








**L**AUNDRY DAY starts off with a jarring note - The GONG! Happy and I awake, that is, each one of us tentatively opens one eyelid and looks at the other. This is usually enough to send me back to where I was originally, facing the wall, with my eyes tightly closed, for a look at my bunkmate so early in the morning is a pretty frightening thing. One thing has been accomplished by now, though. We are awake and almost ready to face dirty, smelly laundry.

We arise and empty our laundry bags in a common heap in the center of the floor. The fumes from this pile are usually enough to send us both to the floor - asphyxiated. After recovering consciousness and developing a sort of immunity to the smell, we return to the bouillabaisse of dirty sheets, sox, and dungarees. At this point a fierce battle usually arises about who is going to do the laundry.


"You do the laundry, Steve," I begin.

Steve's next line is, "I'm not gonna do it. I did it the last six times."


This is my cue to say threateningly, "Oh, Nooo?"



Steve now starts to sort the laundry, but, with my big heart, I always give him a hand. Just one hand, because that early in the morning the other hand is still asleep, and I don't want to disturb it. By this time the dirty laundry is strewn all over the cabin, although just how some of it gets on the roof, I still can't understand. Finally, we get all the laundry together and start to put it into the bag. You know how the sorting goes: white stuff inside pillow cases, or is it pillow cases inside socks, or whatever it is.



I still don't know how that deal works, and maybe that's why we usually don't get all our laundry back. As a matter of fact, we never get all of our laundry back: one sock, yes! a pajama top, yes, or maybe the bottom, but never the whole thing. The freshly returned stuff has supposedly been freshly washed, but I don't believe it. The only difference between the returned stuff and the dirty laundry is the fact that the returned stuff is folded neatly.



We open the packages and sort out the returned stuff. Again the bunk is a shambles, with freshly returned laundry all over. Looking for the name tapes, we try to decide whose is which or vice versa. I say try, because half of Steve's stuff has no name tapes, and three-fourths of mine has none, so it's mostly a guessing game, and is it crazy! Usually there's one thing we both think is ours, so both pull and both rip. Well, finally all the junk is in the drawers, the bunk is relatively neatened up, and we can both sleep for another week.

PAUL SILFEN

## LIFE IN THE ANNEX

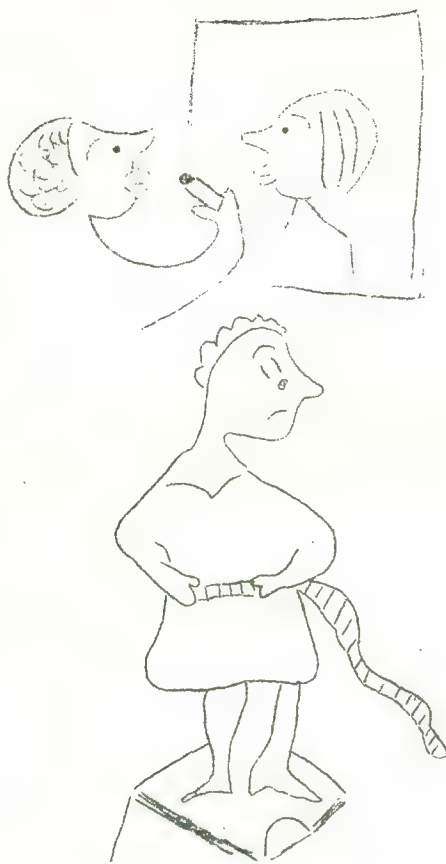
A little bit down the road from the Girls House, and at right angles to it, is the Girls House Annex. Its straight roof covers four not so straight walls, and the porch seems to sink ever so slightly as you enter. Through the creaking door you go and into a hall, where you are told to move by the three girls trying to look into the one full-length mirror. Immediately the chatter of young voices reaches your ear. Here live those crazy mixed-up females you've seen around camp all summer, who are not old enough to be CIT's, but too old to be in the Girls House.

Life in the Annex goes on from day to day with little excitement. When a girl receives a package of food, she automatically becomes the most popular person in camp, and everyone files into her bunk. Let's see what these hungry females do all day.

When the wake-up gong rings, the patter of little feet (those of Susie and Shellie Loren) can be heard throughout the building. After you've just turned over and you're on your way back to sleep, you hear croaking, half-dead voices discussing the hard day's work ahead. You know instantly that the CIT's are getting washed in the Annex bathroom. You've just gotten settled again, when first breakfast rings and Joan comes in, her eyes half closed, her bathrobe half off, and her pajamas half on, trying to sound serious but not quite succeeding, saying "Everybody up." It's a hard struggle, but you finally make it, and about fifteen minutes later you find yourself on line for a sink. Then there's the problem of soap. The cake you got yesterday from the canteen seems to have disappeared. Well, no one will know if you used soap or not, so you make the best of some cold water. Second breakfast rings and you throw on some clothes and rush up to the Social Hall.

After breakfast you go right to the ceramic shop and when you return to your bunk you're in for no surprise. The bed is in the same wrecked condition, and towels are all over the floor. You reconcile yourself to the fact that you'll just have to make that bed, and after much torture (you're on the top decker) you're through. You just decide that your parents might like a letter after three weeks of not hearing from you, when it's lunch time. They'll just have to wait another day.





After lunch comes the long waited-for part of the day, mail hour. Everyone crowds into Pat and Joan's room with hopeful hearts and crossed fingers. Names are called, and more names, but none of them sound like yours. Then you hear it. You take a big step with an out-thrust arm, over to the bed, something is put into your hand, and you're forced back into the crowd. You examine the postcard (you very rarely get a letter) and discover that it is from your best friend who is wondering why you haven't written since yesterday.

The afternoon's activities consist of dancing, swimming, and then chorus. You're pretty knocked out as you come back again for a short rest. The bunk is strewn with girls, creams, and love comics, and you become one of the depressed group.

Then there's supper and that ice cream sandwich you really want, but how can you be popular if your hips are twelve instead of ten inches bigger than your waist? You'd better stick to that diet! You have the ice cream anyway, finally, saying that you will start dieting tomorrow.

After evening activity, you join in the gossip session wondering how he could like her instead of you. You definitely decide to start that diet. But your rumbling stomach gets the better of you and since you've finished all Grandma's brownies and Alice's hard candy, you make the rounds in the hope of getting something to eat. It seems that everybody is in the same predicament, so you return to your bunk, ...depressed and hungry. Pat comes in, turns out the light, and all the flashlights go on. The four people on your bed go over with you once again how he could like her instead of you. Now you really decide to go on that diet. You get into bed, finally, and take your brush with the intention of doing those hundred strokes that will make your crowning glory shine. But five are too much for your tired muscles and you hear the brush bang as it falls to the floor and you doze off. Such is life in the Annex!

MARGIE ROSE



Aug. 9, 1953

Dear Editor:

I'm sorry not to have written sooner but I wanted the camp to know how excited I was after the talk I gave on the theater and how glad I was that I had been invited by Anne Allan to speak to you.

Your camp is an eyeopener in progressive and cooperative living on the highest level. And the feeling I got is that this atmosphere of co-operation extends from the director, to the instructors, to the kids, to the people behind the scenes in the kitchen, to everyone who has anything to do with Buck's Rock.

I'm leaving today to fly to Dallas, Texas to play my original part in "Paint Your Wagon" (Mike Mooney) at the Dallas State Fair and I wanted you to know how I feel before I get lost back in the struggle of getting a job in the theater.

My best to everyone,

*Johnny Randolph*



## WHEN DAY IS DONE

**M**uch of our growth this summer would not have been possible had it not been for the many interesting and enlightening evening programs. Under Pat McVey's patient and often persistent guidance, the various activity and house representatives to the entertainment committee planned, organized, prepared, and cleaned up after many of our programs.

Not to be forgotten are the many well-chosen, classic films we watched this year. Surely we will always recall the poignant melancholy of "Pinky," the hilarious yet meaningful "Male Animal," the exciting "Boomerang," the message of "The Boy With The Green Hair," or the importance of "Pied Piper," or "Lost Horizons."

Our Friday nights were most interestingly filled this year with talks by many of the famous friends of our dramatics director, Anne Allan. During the course of the summer, we heard from important actors—like John Randolph and Eli Wallach, who gave us some of the background and some of the tribulations of their interesting business. Lou Singer played and sang for us some of his enjoyable "Little Songs On Big Subjects" and a few of his other popular hits and told us some of the experiences which went into their composition. Herman Boxer, the documentary film producer, not only spoke to us about his work, but also showed a few of the interesting documentary pictures which he has produced. It would be hard to forget the filmed beauty of the scenes in his "The Creation," or what we learned from seeing his film about Mooseheart. We shall probably be dazzled for a while to come by the effervescent brilliance of our most interesting visitors.

Yet even after these memories have faded it will be very hard for us to forget the nights when Buck's Rock performed. We thrilled to the delight of watching our own friends and bunkmates sing, dance, or act, and spent hours afterwards discussing the merits or drawbacks of their performances.

Square dancing night every week was another eagerly-awaited activity. Tony Salatan did the calling to the accompaniment of records for the small "camper orchestra." Pleasant memories of "Swing your partner" will linger through the winter. So too, will memories of campfire night, when Ernie read stories for us that may help shape our philosophies, and maybe even our lives.

To be sure, when we look back on our summer, we will remember very clearly how we grew by watching, by listening, by discussing at, or by participating in, our many evening activities.

DONALD SCHWARZ

## ACT YOUR AGE

was a year of great activity in the Buck's Rock drama department. Not only were many fine plays produced under the direction of Anne Allen, our dramatics counselor, but she also organized various new projects.

For the first time in the camp's history there was a dramatic workshop. This class met three mornings a week and was attended by campers who wanted to learn both fundamental and more advanced techniques of acting from a person with professional experience.

This was also the first year in which live radio plays were presented on talent nights. Audiences were shown conditions similar to those in actual radio studios in these plays, two of which were "My Double And How He Undid Me," and "The Million Pound Bank Note."

Buck's Rockers got their first taste of the theater on an evening early in the season. After Anne demonstrated the functioning of her workshop, three scenes from popular plays, Lillian, The Moon Is Blue, and A Streetcar Named Desire were presented. However, the first real evening of theater was at mid-season when two widely different plays were given. The first was Boney Quillen, a pantomime folk opera, with Jon Musher in the title role. Next, The Valiant, the tense story of a condemned man's struggle to protect his family, ended a perfect evening. Dan Jacobs played Dyke, the ill-fated prisoner.

Another highlight of the drama season was the presentation of a play written at camp this year by one of our CIT's, Andy Morrison. This play dealt with the fraternity blackballing question in a manner which held everyone's attention. This was Andy's first attempt at playwriting and from the comments passed after the presentation on August 20, the attempt was successful.

Once again, two plays were presented on Festival night. First, there was an amusing play, Mr. Lincoln's Whiskers, by Adrian Scott based on a true incident. Grace Wolf, Hank Levee and Barbara Leeds headed an excellent cast. To complete the evening, a lyrical fantasy by Tennessee Williams called The Case Of The Crushed Petunias was produced. Doris Maier and Joel Hendler played the principle parts.

After Festival, The Young And Fair, a tense drama about sorority life made a fitting end to a wonderfully complete and enjoyable season of dramatics.

JOEL HENDLER





## TRIPPING THE MODERN FANTASTIC

**M**odern dancing has grown to one of the most essential parts of Buck's Rock. It was evolved four years ago from a shadow play of "Peter and the Wolf" done by the Farmhouse, under the direction of George Amberg. This

play was mostly dancing. The dance was formally organized here when Rhoda Levine came as a counselor of dance three years ago. That year there was a dance night and a short dance program at Festival. Since then, dancing has grown extensively. Now we have three classes divided according to age, with about seventy campers.

Dance performances were held this year quite frequently, as a form of entertainment, and played a major part in the Festival program. Among the group dances at Festival were "A Hole Is to Dig" choreographed by Judy Zinman, "The Machine Dance," "The Chicken Dance," "The Hebrew Dance," and "Fantasy of Night." An outside performance was given in the Merry-all Community Center. Those especially interested in dancing took a trip to Jacob's Pillow to see the Canadian Ballet give one of its rare performances.

A new and exciting addition to the dance classes was Section Eight, composed entirely of boys who learned fundamental dance techniques.

We learned to work together, to help each other, and to express ourselves in the dance. Through dancing, one gets a wonderful feeling, one is rewarded for hard work and back-breaking exercises by the results at dance night and at Festival.

At first we were all afraid to let ourselves go and participate freely in modern dancing, but under the able direction of Rhoda Levine and Yaffa Miller, this timidity was soon overcome. It has been interesting to work with different types of accompaniment, such as drumbeats, folk and classical music, as well as poems and stories.

In the near future, we hope for the construction of a special open-air platform for dancing. Campers who danced here this summer all felt that their technical knowledge improved and that their love of the dance grew greatly.

MARCIA LEVY  
RUTHANN RAPPAPORT

# SING WITH US

When, after a morning's work on the farms or in the shops, you chanced to meander around camp, no doubt you tripped over the tapping feet of Buck's Rockers enjoying one of their favorite pastimes - folksinging. At Buck's Rock, a guitar or banjo seemed to hold a magnetic attraction. Therefore, it was not surprising to see a group gathered around whenever guitar music was present. Usually, you found our master of folksinging, Tony Saletan, in the center of such a group, and heard the melodic strains of a folksong drifting out over camp. The wonderful thing was to see how the group kept enlarging as many passing found themselves drawn into it. Because of all our folksinging, guitars seemed to have invaded Buck's Rock en masse.

Tony's spirit and enthusiasm also proved quite contagious to the camp, and many new guitar and banjo players were brought into the folk-music limelight. However, many possessors of guitars found themselves unable to play. This problem was solved quickly. During the week, some seventy-odd campers tramped up to the CIT tent at one time or another, with guitars under their arms, to benefit by Tony's instruction.

Practically everyone in camp, too, took advantage of his instruction in folk and square dancing, and learned to do the Jesse polka, the troika, the Swedish hombo, and many other dances.

Through the summer we felt, and we shall long continue to feel, that folk music is an integral part of everything that is Buck's Rock.

KITTY SINGERMAN  
ALICE ZUCKERBERG





Chorus is one of those activities in which success is dependent upon co-operation rather than just individual talent.

At four o'clock, ping pong and the hammering of the construction crew stopped, and the harmonious sounds of the 100-voice chorus were heard from the Social Hall.

"Watch me!" "Silly people!" came above all other sounds from our conductor, Dave Katz.

Although singing seems to be such a natural thing, we learned that it requires much hard work. On the other hand it is a very rewarding activity when we can produce beautiful music.

During the five years that the chorus has been in existence, its musical standards have improved greatly. This season we have given more performances than in any other year. Together with the orchestra, we gave four concerts, and were also broadcast over Danbury radio station WLAD, the Berkshire Broadcasting Company. Jerry Pollen was our accompanist for all of these events.

This year we have sung a wide variety of music, which was of very high standard and quality. It included some Israeli and American folk songs, two Liebeslieder Waltzes by Brahms, and Bach Cantata #71. In addition we have also presented, in co-operation with the dramatics department, a short folk operetta, "Boney Quillen" by Herbert Haufrecht. Jeanne Katz coached those in the operetta with solo parts.

All of us feel that we have gained much from singing in our chorus. The group was well evaluated by an active member who said, "Chorus teaches you to hear and appreciate music, and to understand what goes into making it beautiful." DENISE LEVINSON  
RUTH STONE

This year's orchestra, under the able direction of Dave Katz, has triumphed in its ninth annual Festival performance. This is not at all unusual, because, though in the past nine years the Buck's Rock orchestra has undergone several complete changes in personnel, the original spirit of creative teamwork still prevades orchestra rehearsals and performances. That the results were successful was evidenced by the enthusiasm of our concert audiences.

We have shown versatility of the highest degree this year by going from simple folk music to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Other pieces included Moulin Rouge, The Blue Danube Waltz, Tribute to The Armed Forces, and the Buck's Rock Work Camp Song, an original song, with words by Lewis Allan and music by Dave Katz. Three times a week the orchestra played away. New sections, accordions and recorders, were added this year. As is usual in the beginning, the guitars strummed; the horns tooted, the violins squeaked; and, in the end, all these at first unmelodic sounds were blended and transformed into lovely harmony. We not only had fun in the orchestra, but we also took part in the teamwork of fifty amateur Buck's Rockers together creating stirring music.

Four concerts in New Milford, Merryall, Bridgewater, and at our very own Buck's Rock Festival, were given. We at Buck's Rock sincerely feel that the orchestra of 1953 has greatly enriched our summer.

KITTY SINGERMAN

Opinions all too vehemently voiced in the houses after "lights out" often became the basis for a Buck's Rock forum. Under the subtle guidance of Adele Weiss, current topics of interest or problems which have troubled men through the ages are discussed by a panel, and then thrown open to the group at large. Adele believes that an important part of growth is the process of gathering facts, listening to the opinions of others, and using this information as a basis for decision. Among the topics discussed were socialized medicine, the Eisenhower Administration, the Rosenberg case, and religion. In the last, entitled "This I Believe," representatives of religious and anti-religious points of view stated their personal beliefs. Many campers have shared in this growth towards democracy -- as free people voicing their opinions without fear in a free atmosphere.

## BUCK'S ROCKERS DON'T DECIDE, BUT --



While probing problems of deep importance to the world at large, Buck's Rockers were interested in the factors which made themselves tick. The man to answer these questions was Ernie, and thus, the weekly psychology classes came into being. Through these sessions, many have learned to understand how the child reacts to his world and how he matures according to his environment.

The film "Their Voices Rise," produced in Buck's Rock in 1946, caused much comment on the night it was shown at the stage to the whole camp. Some campers arose, determinedly declaring that profits realized from the sale of farm and shop products should be contributed to a cause, the purpose of which is to relieve suffering in devastated areas. Others just as vehemently opposed the proposal. Most agreed, however, that the desire to be part of a project which the whole group would carry out, together, was an excellent example of the Buck's Rock spirit.

And since talking is such an important activity in such a community, naturally it has spread to the shops in the form of the Central Shop Planning Committee meetings. At such gatherings, items were submitted for production and various ways and means of selling our craft produce were deliberated upon by the representatives of the various shops, and others who wished to attend.

SHAWNA TROPP



# WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT —

ILSE BULOVA

We can't imagine camp without Ilse, because without her both Ernie and the camp would be lost. She is a combination housemother, organizer, supervisor and everything else put together. Thanks Ilse.

LIBBY

RONNIE

Libby and Ronnie would both enjoy their jobs much more if they had no sick people to treat. But, as heads of the infirmary and dispensary respectively they were kept on the go caring for Buck's Rockers. We feel fine now, Libby and Ronnie—thanks.

STAN POLER

JESS ADLER

When there was a toilet to be plunged, a tent to be fixed or any of a million odd jobs to be done, Stan and Jess were always on hand. Let's hope our maintenance men maintain themselves well through the winter so that they will be in shape for next summer. Thanks Stan and Jess.

DORIS ADLER

HERTHA WERNER

Those two women who have sat behind the windows of the office all summer will now go home for a rest from incessant questioning voices of Buck's Rockers. Campers will go home and spend another winter trying to think up a question that will stump them. My bet is that they won't. Thanks Doris and Hertha.

HOUSE

PARENTS

It's good to get away from our parents for the summer, but even at camp, parents are sometimes useful. We wonder if we would ever get to sleep at night without all those camp house mothers and fathers. Thanks.

ADELAIDE BERGEN

Without Adelaide, we would have no combs, Kleenex or toothpaste. We are all sorry to see her put away her shopping bag for the winter. Thanks Adelaide.

KOBINA YAW ARKAAH  
KOW NKENSEN ARKAAH  
DAPHNE EATON  
DELORES McLARTY  
UDE OKOYE  
DAN ONYEME LUKWE  
MARIO PETRUCCELLI  
JOHN SMITH  
H. STANLEY WALTER

All these people made up the 1953 kitchen staff of Buck's Rock. They worked behind the scenes to prepare and serve the food that we ate three times a day. With these people working so hard and so patiently, despite the hammering just outside, how could we go hungry? Thanks Kitchen Staff.

JOEL HENDLER

DO YOU REMEMBER?

THE SKIT NIGHT DURING PRE-SEASON

THE FIREWORKS ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

THE ERECTION OF ANNE ALLAN'S LITTLE HOUSE

THE ENDLESS LINES FOR EVERYTHING

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER

THE CLOTHES AUCTIONS DURING MEALS

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

WHEN WE WENT WITHOUT WATER AND GROPED IN THE DARK DURING THE ELECTRIC STORM

WEDNESDAY MORNING BLUES

THE PSYCHOLOGY CLASSES (crazy little mixed-up kids)

LEWIS ALLAN AND DAVE KATZ'S SONG ABOUT BUCK'S ROCK

THE GASOLINE IN THE BUG JUICE AT TANGLEWOOD

THE "GREAT DEBATE" AFTER "THEIR VOICES RISE"

THE MAGNIFICENT SKY AND THE RAINBOW ON THE 13TH OF AUGUST

THE MONDRIAN ON THE PREFAB AND THE MOBILES ON THE BOYS AND GIRLS HOUSES

WHEN, AFTER WAITING UP NIGHTS, CHEVY DELIVERED THE CALF IN BROAD DAY-  
LIGHT AT 11:18 A.M.

THE FESTIVAL

"SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU"



WE GROW  
BY DREAMING



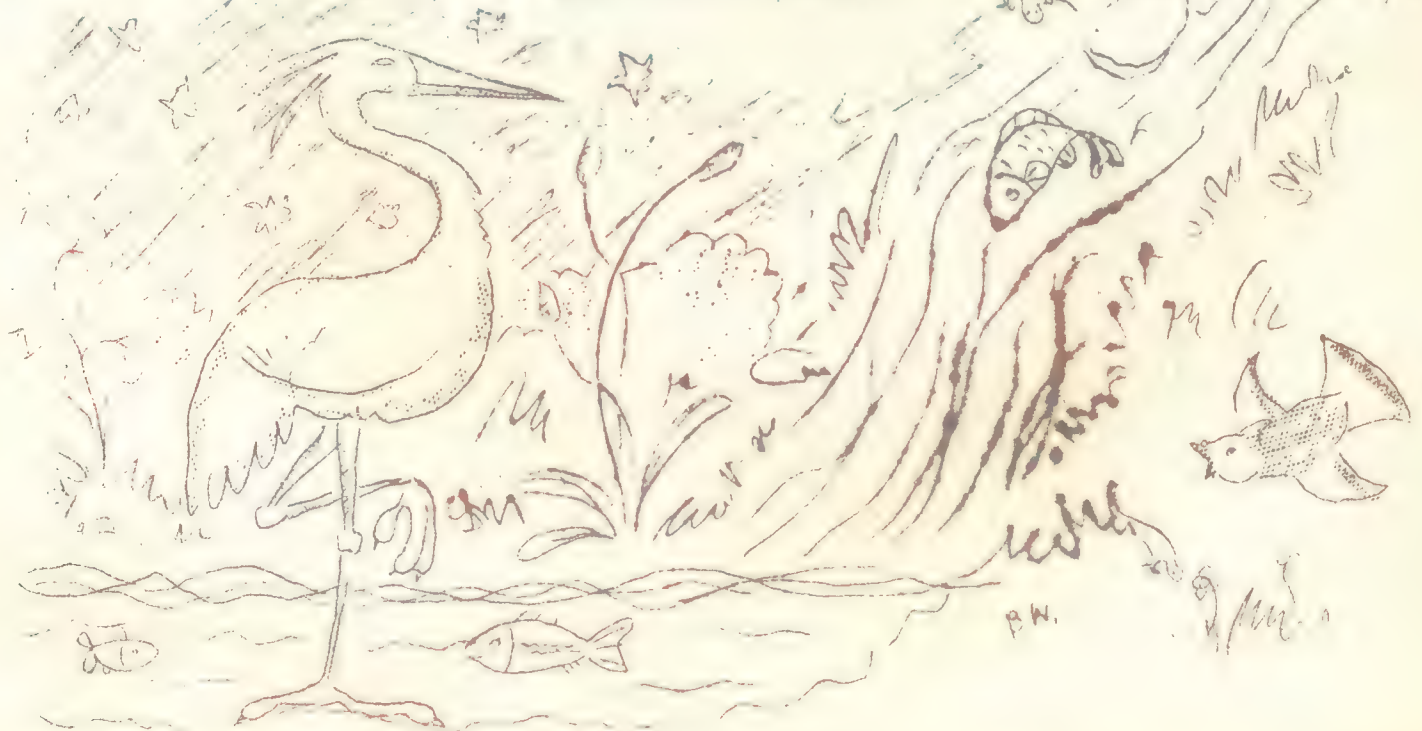
The sparkling brook went tumbling through the woods and then went slowly winding among the violets which bordered its edge. Orange salamanders slept beneath the rocks and the red bird came to drink its cool waters each day. The song of the lark mingled with the gurgling of the brook and these were the only sounds. And in the night the big black crickets chirped, hidden in the shadows of the forest, while the moon turned the woods to silver and the gray squirrel chickered at the stars. This was the time when the fox crept through the forest on silent paws and the heron fished in limpid streams.

The sun was high in the sky when the great monster things came. Their sharp teeth tore down the age-old trees and their treaded feet flung filth into the brooks. The sweat dripped down the backs of the men as they worked day after day to build their homes where once the forest grew, refuge of the gray squirrel and the red bird. Stone on stone, board on board, slowly their enduring structures rose. Tar roads flowed everywhere and scraggly roadside weeds replaced the violets along these black streams.

The crowds of violets were picked from beside the muddied streams. The orange salamanders and the red bird have long been gone; the lark now sings in some other woods. The men curse the fox because he is too sly to fall into their iron-jawed traps. They shot the gray squirrel and emptied the fish from the heron's streams, but they could not touch the moon. It still turns other woods to silver.

All have fled from broken homes; man has moved in.

BOB WOHLGEMUTH





TRY hard to obtain it,  
Seek after it,  
Work for it,  
And when it is gotten,  
Treasure it.  
For friendship is invaluable.

CAROL LEVINE

## FOR EACH

To most, belongs one  
To lucky ones, forever.  
The rest, unlucky.

Alone they walk, sleep, dream, feel, smell  
Observing the most, they cringe  
Shrivel into a dried rose.  
Once heady, alive and vivid  
Now dry, withdrawn into an inner inky pool of longing.

To have and to lose  
The worst  
To taste the sweet nectar  
Then have it snatched away  
Substituted with the venom of frustration-  
The worst.

The aloneness  
The waiting  
Unfulfilled

THEA FUCHS

## CONFLICT

Yesterday, was it yesterday or today or when, when had it been like that or felt like that? It's so hard to remember when you look back on it. At its start, how wonderful you thought it was and then, later, there was a certain feeling you had.. You knew it wasn't good or wonderful. But still you clung to it, were afraid to let it go. You built up a million pictures in your mind, dreaming of how it was. But they weren't true, now it wasn't like that.

In the beginning, we all try to make impressions, then later we become ourselves. In the beginning, it was really all a dream, too good. Then came reality and you tried to push it away, but it was stubborn and wouldn't go. You analyzed the way you felt a thousand times from every possible point of view. Now you understood but still you held on. Sometimes the understanding made you sick and when you heard other people talk, the dream was shattered. But there was warmth and friendliness, regardless of the many faults. There were things done that went against all of your principles. But here was a type of understanding and affection. Here you were recognized as an individual, a person who was someone. These were the good things and the need for them was strong, and conquering all else.

It wasn't that all this was given only to you! It was shown to the whole world and everyone else also responded quickly, eagerly, rushing toward it. It was as if a certain light was present which drew people toward it like a magnet.

When you were away from this but a short time, it pulled at you, an urgent need, and you came running back. When you examined it you found that it wasn't that you really liked what you saw for itself, but that you used this as a tonic with which to aid yourself.

Still you pushed these thoughts from your mind. When the need was felt very strong it was easy to do this and you made it seem as though it was the individual whom you really liked and who made you feel as you did, that there was someone good. It was a constant clash and even when you went away from its presence you always thought about it. It was in your mind every minute when you found yourself not busy or talking in the midst of a group. It is still present and you still feel a certain longing and conflict yet unsolved.

ALICE ZUCKERBERG



# THE HAT



I suppose he was just walking down the lane,  
Unhindered, unharmed  
And seeking with his infant eyes,  
Those miracles of mysticism  
Found only by a child.  
With just a hat on  
That was all.  
But his shadow following,  
Warning that adulthood  
Will reach him all too soon  
And he won't walk that path  
With just a hat on.  
And his eyes will grow smaller  
And he'll see only bigger things --- like  
trouble.  
But he can't see his shadow now ---  
It's behind him.  
So he can look at a pretty pebble and think  
It's the greatest thing on God's earth.

SHAWNA TROPP

# THREE YEARS

One hears about a place like this from a friend who has been told by another friend, who has spoken to the director. The friend who has had intimate contact transmits his enthusiasm about the program to the second friend who, in time, transmits it to you. You've been to another place, where the atmosphere has not been to your liking. You have a talk with the director of this place, and he impresses you as being quite a man. He's honest, straightforward, and somehow he lets you say whatever you want to say, and, rather than showing testimonials, he shows you concrete samples of work done. You decide that maybe you'll try his place for the summer, but the time slips by, and it's too late to send in the application which he left. And so, after having spent your summer living the life of Riley in boredom, you decide to come with another friend whose daughter has been there for the summer, to see the big event of the season. It's a whole day affair, and there are thrilling displays of what has been accomplished during the summer, and you sadly wish you had sent in your application. The director remembers you, and he proudly shows you around his place, giving you a first-hand view of the summer you've missed. You're quite impressed, but feel somehow out of things. You enjoy the square dancing, the music, and the shop displays. You've been told that this is a camp where everyone plays the guitar, and that everyone sits around strumming. Well, you didn't quite believe it, but you see that it's really true. Then you're convinced of the uniqueness of the place. In the evening, you see the play .... it's a fine play, with a fine cast. You're impressed by the talent of the actors, by the perfection of the scenery, and by the excellence of the entire production. But when the play is over, you see the place stand out in all its glory. For crowds of young people swarm around the leading actor, and escort him amidst joyous cries to his bunk. You feel the place come alive before your eyes, and the excellence of the dancing, the music, and the play fade into nothingness against this great spirit of which you've heard so much, and which you now see first hand. There is no question about it now. You'll be there next summer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passes, and now you send in your application on time, and the instructions arrive. You are surprised by the lack of a required uniform on the clothing list and by the informality of the director's letters. The letters all express a deep desire that you have a good summer. For your first year you are rather hesitant lest you should neglect to bring something on the list, and so you bring everything on the list. You will learn next year.

You receive a list of all the male campers and CIT's, so that you may meet people before you arrive. You telephone some people, and through a friend, you meet others. It is interesting, and you have your own opinions of the people whom you meet. You wonder what their opinions are of you. Several months before the season, you are given a preview look of the place by the director, and, even though it is winter, you have a good impression of it. You are looking forward to your summer with great expectations of fun, and you yearn for the closing of school.



It comes, and during the two weeks which are left you, you pack hurriedly, and check many times to make sure that you have forgotten nothing. You are given a farewell dinner which you will remember, and the next day you start out.

It is a two-hour drive, and up the long, bumpy hill to the place, the car stalls for a long time, and you wonder if it is an omen. Since this is your first year at a new place, you are rather apprehensive, and wonder if it was such a good idea to come, but you feel some security in the fact that you have been to another place, and no one can put anything over on you. You know the ropes by now. You have heard a story about a girl who came to the place for the first time, and upon her arrival, was immediately greeted with open arms by her bunkmates who came before her. You arrive looking for a similar reception. It is not forthcoming.

You take on a hostile attitude toward others to shield yourself from what may happen. You are cold and invite no friendliness. You meet the nurse and some other counselors. You meet your house mother, and you are told where you will live. But there has been a slight mistake, for someone moved in who was not assigned there, and several friends wished to be together. And so you are asked to move to another bunk. It is not a good beginning, for the first people whom you met were friendly, and you were beginning to enjoy your summer. But your new bunkmates are not friendly, and they seem to be strange people. A girl comes in and helps one of your new bunkmates unpack and make his bed. He claims that he is a year older than he really is, and it is several weeks before his true age is revealed, and you are recognized as the oldest member of the bunk. Your parents leave, and you begin to have a strange, sickly feeling at the pit of your stomach. You do not feel like doing too much, and as you sit in the dining hall amidst a sea of strange, new faces, you become nauseous and you do not eat the food before you. You sit next to a boy who asks you about the opportunity for much athletic activity here; he is doubtful about whether he will be able to play baseball all day. But he has another friend who sits next to him, and he does not bother with you for too long a time.

Announcements are made, and you leave the main building to finish unpacking. Then you read the little introductory booklet, the purpose of which is to give you the lowdown on the place. You get it, all right, but it is written in a way that is not very easy to understand. You then read a message written by the director, which bolsters your fallen spirits, and makes you feel that perhaps you haven't made a mistake in coming here. A meeting is called at the flagpole, and you meet all the counselors, and learn all there is to learn about the activities. It is a cloudy day, and the color of the early afternoon matches the color of your fading spirits. You are able to find no one with whom to sit, when suddenly you spot a familiar face in the crowd -- your friend who arrived when you did. He is quite enthusiastic and is already enjoying himself. You feel out of place.

Instinctively, you compare this place with your previous camp, and count the days remaining in the summer. Fifty-eight. For two whole months you will be forced to live in an unfriendly bunk in an unfriendly camp, and --

with your unfriendly self. You make plans to ask your parents to take you home when they come in two weeks. But you have two weeks to live here. And you were told that it took two weeks to get oneself adjusted. You will see.

You decide to visit the print shop, for its counselor is your house father. But you are sure that you will not be interested, for you know nothing and care nothing about the technical end of journalism. But you decide to try it. You are asked by the editor to write a story. Inspired by his words of enthusiasm, you decide to try, and you write a nonsensical story about the thoughts of a dead chicken. It is appreciated, and you are encouraged. You volunteer to type, and you type most of the pages in the little paper which is being published, and your name -- your first name and your last initial -- goes on the staff page. For the next issue, three editors are chosen to replace the one, and again you type most of the pages for the paper. You like these three people, and the shop has a friendly air about it. You like the shop, and by the end of the first week, you feel you are settled in the place. It took you half as long as most, and, since your bunk-mates learn that you have composed a little music on your own, they look up to you, in your bunk.

At the next staff meeting, you are elected to the editorial board, and you are pleased. One of the editors is seldom around, and so the remaining three of you spend your time together. You develop the paper into an interesting booklet of reading material, and you continue to write full-page stories on camp life, which smack somewhat of the corn with which the dead chicken which gave you your start, was fed. You have a literary adviser who, because of duties elsewhere, is able to spend little time with you, and so you enjoy the freedom of writing what and how you please. You learn little, but you enjoy the freedom.

You meet a girl of whom you are fond, but you see too much of her, and even though you are identified with her, she is not your favorite. You become somewhat of a free-lancer -- not entirely by choice. Your parents arrive for the first time, and find you settled -- you now see the glory, the beauty, the spirit of this place where you have chosen to spend your summer. It becomes a part of you, and you become a part of it. When you sing the theme song, it makes something well up inside you -- something far different from the first feeling which welled up inside you when you arrived.

You try out for a play, and you get the part of a deaf mute, who can speak only by motions and facial expressions. You enjoy the rehearsals, although it takes you away from your paper. You feel that you have done well, and, at the main event of the year, you become a part of the spirit which impressed you on your first visit -- your friends swarm about you, they press your hand, and you feel that you have undergone a cycle -- you started this way, and now you end your first year this way. You produce a going home issue of your paper, you help with the yearbook, and -- filled with wonderful autographs in your book and happy tears in your eyes, you leave this place for the summer.



You've had a wonderful summer -- and you yearn for the next ten months to pass quickly. You'll be back next summer, but before the summer, there is the winter. And you want to forget the winter, for you now love the summer and you love this place.

The ten months pass, and summer arrives again. You do not pack so many things this time, for you are an old camper now, and you've learned what to do. You are again driven up, and this time your car does not stall on the hill. It is a good sign, and you feel good.

When you arrive, it seems as though you have never left. The same buildings are there, many of the same people are there, and the same spirit is there. You are greeted warmly, and assigned to a little cabin with the three people with whom you had asked to room. It is a good sign, and, when your parents leave, you feel no apprehension, but enjoy being back.

First, of course, you visit the print shop, and, the next day, you begin working again. The triumvirate has broken up, and only you remain eligible for a post on the paper. With this dissolution, the spirit has become slightly altered, for a full-time adviser has been hired, and you feel that now the things that are written will be grammatically correct, but the freedom of working alone will be lost. You like this new person, though, and you look forward to learning much during the summer. But the spirit has changed in another way. There are people in the shop with official position now, and you, the camper, feel in an inferior position to them, and you are sorry that you did not make the attempt to join their group. You realize that there are advantages to remaining a camper, however, and your resentment disappears. You are elected editor of the paper and you see the big job which lies before you. You realize that some of the freedom to roam around is somewhat restricted; you will have to spend most of your time in the shop. You do not mind this, but would like to do other things, too. One cannot, however, have everything. You have a big job ahead -- you wonder how you will do.

The little paper is bigger and more professional looking this year, and you feel proud to be associated with it. You learn how to do layouts, how to direct others, and how to justify -- yourself, as well as the margins. For mistakes which you did not make are sometimes charged to you, and you must learn how to control yourself and how not to take to heart these little idiosyncrasies of the human being. It is a good lesson in human relationships.

The year progresses and you meet new people. You meet a man whose goodness and fineness make you see the inner worth of the human being. He warms your heart and your soul, and he has taught you another lesson in human relationships.

You are elected editor of the Yearbook, and you work nights preparing a fitting tribute to the tenth anniversary of the place. You base your theme around time, and time, for you, moves quickly, and the book is done, and is off to the binder's. You have another taste of the camp spirit when the campers become ill and everyone is given an immunization injection. With much joking, all the campers file past the white table and bravely take the shots, and you again feel the glorious spirit of the place envelop everyone in its silvery folds.

August draws to a close, you enjoy a wonderful Festival, and you make preparations to pack again and leave for home. You are assured by the director that you will return with an official position, and his words make you glow with the feeling that you have done the job you wanted to do. You receive your checks and a hand at campfire, and in the glow of the burning waste from the year's work in the print shop, you return to your spot with a warm feeling inside: it's been a good summer. You'll be back for another.

This year, in your official capacity, you decide to come up for pre-season to work on the introductory pamphlet which first gave you that confused impression two years before. You decide to indicate clearly in each article what happens in the activities, and indicate the friendliness with which everyone will be greeted. You have discovered this for yourself -- now you wish to pass it on to others. You and the others in your shop, who have been raised to official positions above your own, prepare this pamphlet -- a colorful little ABC for the new and old camper. You feel that another cycle has passed: you were helped by the booklet two years ago; now you hope to help others. In a small paragraph, you express the welcome of the camp to the new camper, and urge the newcomers to the spirit of the place to take advantage of the wonderful summer, the threshold of which you are about to enter upon. You see the camp, overgrown with weeds, unclad and unshod, take on a polish and a gloss with which to greet those arriving for the summer. You help put campers to bed in the same bunk in which you lived during your first year -- you take O.D. there as others of official position did two years before. You sit around blazing campfires with your companions of your rank, you sing the songs which are years older than you, and you find comfort in the heat of the flames coming from the soil of the place itself.

You enjoy the rudeness of your tent life -- the winds which come at you through the thin fabric and the rain which heartlessly pounds on the top flap. You are fascinated by the number of insects which pay you visits at night, but you enjoy the open air, and the freedom of looking out in the morning at woods and birds and stretching your hand out into the open air.



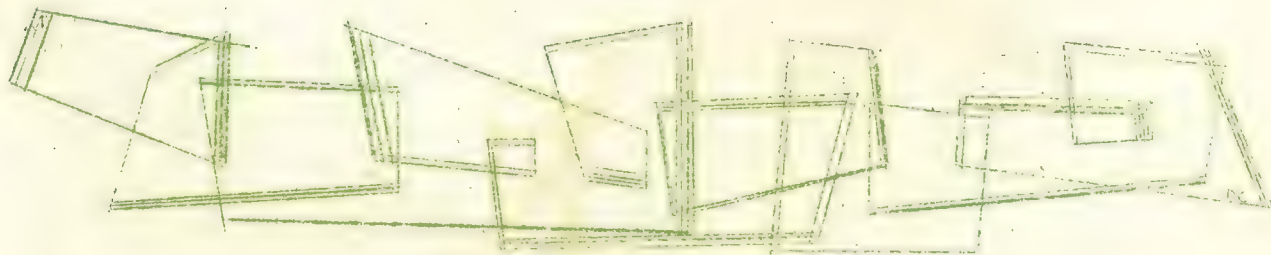
You return again to your print shop -- you again aid in managing your paper, you learn design, and you learn more lessons in human relationships. You meet many varied kinds of people who come to work in your shop, and you learn how to work with them. You again work on managing the Yearbook, and you are concerned with a most mature theme -- growth. You have grown at the place -- you feel that you are more mature than you were three years ago -- you feel that your interests, your knowledge, and your emotions have grown by your stay here. You wonder whether you will return for another fine year. You do not know, but you are grateful for the three which have been allowed to you.

This is your third year at the place. You're passing your love for it on to others, and you're now in things -- very much in them. You've learned how to square dance, you've learned somewhat how to act, and you can sit on the grass and strum the guitar.

You've had a trilogy of years here -- each one different and more interesting than the rest. Your trilogy began with a Festival and ended with a Festival, and the years in between have been good. You'll sing "So Long" again as you leave these people whom you like and this place which you love.

What is this place? This is Buck's Rock. This is where you can do what you wish with the best equipment and some of the finest people you'll ever meet. It's been your home for three summers, and you know, that while your place will be taken by other campers when you leave, its place will never be taken in your heart, and the people whom you've known will never be forgotten.

RICHARD LEVY





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# IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

to make a camp. For instance:



1. The camper who reclines on his posterior during the greater portion of the day and accomplishes much in the way of being instantly able to tell you the top tune on the hit parade or recite by heart the batting averages of the entire Pittsburgh ball club. (He also develops strong posterior muscles.)



2. The camper who does not sit on his posterior at all and who is so busy during the day that his posterior develops an inferiority complex. This type of camper lives on a virtual rack, trying to divide his day evenly in order to have time for all activities. Imagine the plight of the camper who wishes to go swimming, to go riding and to play tennis all at the same time. One camper facing this identical problem was recently seen riding his tennis racket in the swimming pool. There is only one way to put this camper out of his misery: use a .22.



3. The camper who hustles at mealtime. This is very unusual, of course, because we all realize that it is not good manners to hustle. However, there are a few campers who practice the "hustle," which originated back in the 20's with the bustle. Various methods have been devised for hustling, but by far the most efficient is this: Wear a plastic mask of Anne Allan and casually step to the front of the line. (Warning: Be very careful of what you say to Lewis when using this method.)



4. The camper who believes in extremely platonic relationships. This species may become extinct in the near future, if some of the more realistic campers get their way. Much has been said on the topic of platonic relationships but I believe the following poem by Anonymous (J. Arthur Anonymous) sums the subject up nicely:

Platonic love is sweeping the nation  
And leaving behind utter frustration.



5. The camper who is a walking encyclopedia of useless facts. This is the type who will be glad to inform you of the number of bees who were addicted to opium in 1937, or how to load a Luger pistol with jelly-beans. This type of camper is always eager to let you know the exact source of his information. "I got the facts from the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Encyclopedia Americana and the 1953 I GO POGO Handbook," is a typical quote.

And others, all around us, constantly telling me that if I say the word "Grapadabazzilbeg," I'll disappear. Isn't that ridicul. . . . .

JOEL HENDLER

# CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

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h	CHARLES GRUBER	300 West 109 Street, New York 25	RI 9-3553
	IRA HAINICK	9424 Avenue B, Brooklyn 36	HY 5-0506
	CHARLES HARRIS	Hillandale Road, Port Chester	PO 5-1448
i	ARTHUR HIRSH	95 Ash Drive, Great Neck	GR 2-5374
	DAVID ISRAEL	184-48 Grand Central Parkway, Jamaica	JA 6-2306
j	RICHARD ISRAEL	1078 East 24 Street, Brooklyn	NA 8-9374
	DANIEL JACOBS	498 West End Avenue, New York	TR 7-0647
	MICHAEL JACOBS	184-52 Grand Central Parkway, Jamaica	OL 8-4107
	DAN JACOBY	905 West End Avenue, New York 25	RI 9-2752
	LUDWIK JAGERMAN	105-30 66 Avenue, Forest Hills	IL 9-6231
	PETER JASEN	225 East Penn Street, Long Beach	LO 6-0325
k	JONATHAN KAGAN	93 Prospect Avenue, Mt. Vernon	MO 8-4157
	MARVIN KARP	3540 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn	TR 9-1692
	PETER KASDAN	730 East 9 Street, Brooklyn 30	GE 4-8339
	EDWARD KLEIN	179-54-80 Road, Jamaica	OL 8-5362
	VICTOR KLEIN	47 East 88 Street, New York 28	SA 2-6342
	JON KONHEIM	500 West End Avenue, New York	TR 7-3999



l	LESTER LAPIDUS	20 Talfor Road East Rockaway, N.Y.	LY 3 8943
	MARTIN LAPIDUS	137 Norman Road New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE 2 7920
	ARTHUR LAUFER	960 Park Avenue New York City	RE 4 8944
	BERNARD LEIF	39 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn	UL 6 7710
	PAUL LEOPOLD	10 Esplanade New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE 3 7467
	ELIOT LERMAN	2306 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 29	ES 5 0747
	HANK LEEVE	32-05 158 Street Flushing, N.Y.	FL 9 7833
	ARTHUR LINDO	353 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn, N.Y.	BU 4 8457
	ALLAN LOBSENZ	336 Fort Washington Avenue N.Y. 33	WA 3-2038
m	FRED MACKTA	444 Beach 132 Street Belle Harbor	NE 4 7840
	TED MAKLER	2 Horation Street New York City	CH 2 5930
	GEORGE MARCUS	18 Huntington Drive Yonkers, N.Y.	BE 7 6903
	PAUL MISCHAKOFF	19265 Canterbury Avenue Detroit 21	UN 1-2840
	STEPHEN MITTENTHAL	21 East 90 Street New York City 28	FI 8 1124
p	JOEL PENSKY	2167-81 Street Brooklyn	BU 6 1100
	MICHAEL PHILIPS	52 Brookview Terrace Hillsdale, N.J.	WE 5 3692
	RICHARD POWERS	221 Summit Avenue Mount Vernon, N.Y.	MO 7 1759
	ELLIOT PRAGER	5002-17 Avenue Brooklyn 4, N.Y.	GE 6 1762
r	MARK ROSENBERG	400 Lantana Avenue Englewood, N.J.	EN 3 5910
	MUNRO ROSS	358 Ivy Lane Englewood, N.J.	EN 4 0538
A	CHARLES SALOMON	1200 Fifth Avenue New York City	AT 9 7382
	DAVID SCHACHER	38 Bank Street New York City 14	CH 3 3941
	FRANCIS SCHRAG	18 Lester Place New Rochelle, N.Y.	NE 2 0612
	ARTHUR SCHWARTZ	334 East 36 Street Paterson, N.J.	SH 2 3404
	ROBERT SCHWARZMAN	50 Glenwood Avenue Jersey City, N.J.	HE 3 3488
	MICHAEL SEIDEN	40 Greenleaf Hill Great Neck, N.Y.	GR 2 7141
	STEVEN SILVER	66-37 Yellowstone Blvd. New York	LI 4 8652
	FRED SIMON	44 East 67 Street New York City	RE 7 6033
	MATTHEW SIMON	267 Hempstead Avenue Rockville Centre	RO 6 1432
	MONROE SONNENBORN	69 Fairfield Road Yonkers, N.Y.	YO 9 7123
	KENNETH STEARN	36 Argyle Place Rockville Center, N.Y.	RO 6 4173
	JEFFREY STEIN	184-19 Midland Parkway Jamaica, N.Y.	AX 7 8656
	GERALD STOLLER	1237 Woodycrest Bronx 52	TE 7 5864
t	MATTHEW THOMASES	130 Huguenot Avenue Englewood, N.J.	EN 3 3952
v	STEPHEN VICKERS	136 West 92 Street N.Y.C. 25	CU 7 4323
w	BYRON WECKSTEIN	295 Central Park West New York City	EN 2 4906
	DAN WILE	74 Burton Avenue Woodmere, N.Y.	FR 4 3206
	STEPHEN WISHNOFSKY	615 Williams Avenue Brooklyn 7, N.Y.	DI 5 0090
	BARRY WACHTEL	1572 East 26 Street Brooklyn	CH 8 1004
	JONATHAN WALLACH	3875 Waldo Avenue New York 63	KI 3 2327
y	PETER YAMIN	210 West 78 Street New York City	EN 2 2718



THEY  
CAME  
FROM  
OUTER  
SPACE

## LOOK FOR THE LITTLE BIG **W**HEELS

ALAN BLANK	99-55 65 Avenue, Forest Hills, N.Y.	IL 9-6537
DIANE COLB	119-80 Street, Brooklyn 9, N.Y.	SH 8-1271
CAROLYN EPSTEIN	35 Lafayette Place, Woodmere, L.I.	FR 4-2974
STEVE FLEISCHER	344 East 3 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.	GE 6-8185
THEA FUCHS	152 Urban Street, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	MO 8-9818
JUDY LACK	1730 President Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.	PR 4-2133
JIM LEHRICH	1127 East 13 Street, Brooklyn 30, N.Y.	CL 8-3202
BOB NOVEMBER	114 Station Road, Great Neck, L.I.	GR 2-3688
JERRY POLLEN	105 Pinehurst Avenue, New York 33	WA 8-3215
BOB THOMASES	130 Huguenot Avenue, Englewood, N.J.	EN 3-3952

## LOOK FOR THE LITTLE BIG **M**EALS

KOBINA YAW ARKAAH	Boston University School of Medicine	
	80 East Concord Street, Boston 18, Mass.	
KOW NKENSEN ARKAAH	104/14 Kdamba, Winneba, Gold Coast, W.Africa	
DAPHNE EATON	506 West 150 Street, New York 31	AU 6-2322
DELORES McLARTY	412 Convent Avenue, New York 31	AD 4-7363
UDE OKOYE	172 McDonough Street, Brooklyn 16, N.Y.	PR 8-7413
DAN ONYEME LUKWE	172 McDonough Street, Brooklyn 16, N.Y.	PR 8-7413
MARIO PETRUCCELLI	1863 Stuart Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., c/o Costello	
JOHN SMITH	Kent School, Box 133, Kent, Conn.	
H. STANLEY WALTER	1137 President Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.	PR 3-2359



a	MICHAEL ALLEN	250 Hutchinson Rd. Englewood, N.J.	EN 4 0749
b	CECILE BAKER ANA BERLIANT BILLY BERMAN BOB BRUSSEL	72-76 Yellowstone Blvd. Forest Hills 120 St. John's Ave. Yonkers 4 34 Richmond Rd. Rockville Centre 133 W. Third St. New York	BO 3 2390 YO 5 7956 RO 4 5035 GR 7 3426
c	BOB CITKOWITZ DANNY COHEN PETER COHEN	5634 Mosholu Ave. New York 71 4 Magnolia Ave. Larchmont, N. Y. 70 Greenacres Ave. Scarsdale	KI 9 8717 LA 2 4189 SC 3 7789
d	MICHAEL DAVIS ESTHER DWORETZKY	309 West 104 St. New York 25 200 Hewes St. Brooklyn 11, N.Y.	RI 9 4342 EV 7 5735
g	JOHN GEIST ARNOLD GELLER LAURA GLARDEN LAURIE GREGOR	Bellevue Ave. Rye, N. Y. 4 Roy Pl. East Chester, Tuckahoe 7 62-36 Beverly Rd. Kew Gardens 8 Barron St. New York 14	RY 7 2011 TU 3 2466 BO 1 7410 WA 9 4467
h	PETER HALL JOEL HENDLER JULIA HERSKOWITZ	854 W. 181 St. N.Y.C. 33 537 East 5 St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 41 West 96 St. N. Y. C.	TO 7 1422 GE 5 5536 AC 2 9288
j	DAVID JASEN	225 East Penn St. Long Beach	LO 6 0325
k	JUDY KANTROWITZ RICHARD KARP VICTOR KOYNER NANCY KURZ PETER KURZ	1863 Troy Ave. Brooklyn 34, N.Y. 3540 Bedford Ave. Brooklyn, N.Y. 151 Central Park West, N.Y.C. 1180 Grant Ave. Bronx 56, N.Y. 1180 Grant Ave. Bronx 56, N.Y.	NO 8 6089 TR 5 1692 SC 4 5566 JE 7 5031 JE 7 5031
l	CAROL LEVINE RICHARD LEVY	302 West 112 St. N. Y. 14 45 Larchwood Ave. W. Long Branch, N.J.	CH 3 2047 LO 6 5961
m	ANDREW MORRISON JON MUSER	58 East Brookside Dr. Larchmont, N.Y. 17 W. 71 St. N. Y.	LA 2 4887 EN 2 3614
r	VICTOR RIPP STEVEN ROSS JOAN ROTH	20 West 84 St. New York 24 Cedar Road, Hewlett Bay Park 1130 East 7 St. Brooklyn, N.Y.	TR 7 9520 FR 4 0192 CE 8 3848
s	JEFFREY SCHLANGER BOB SCHNECK DONALD SCHWARZ PAUL SILFEN STEPHEN SIMENSKY KITTY SINGERMAN HENRY SWEETBAUM	50 East 96 St. N. Y. 28 39-21 46 St. L.I.C., N.Y. 44 Edgewood Rd. Summit, N.J. 1010 Dorchester Rd. Brooklyn, N.Y. 181 Harbor Rd. Hewlett Harbor, L.I. 41-42 15 St. Woodside, L. I. 255 Cabrini Blvd., New York 33	AT 9 9320 ST 4 8633 SU 6 1831 BU 7 4217 JR 4 3189 HA 9 4819 WA 7 1766
t	DAVID TABIN SHAWNA TROPP	185 Erasmus St., Brooklyn 26 505 West End Avenue, N.Y.C.	BU 2 8065 TR 3 6819
w	STANLEY WEISENBERG ANNE WIKLER BOB WOHLGENUTH	125 Cabrini Blvd. New York 33 Elmsmere Rd. Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 29 Oak Lane, Scarsdale, N.Y.	TO 7 1604 MO 8 0878 SC 3 4661
z	ALICE ZUCKERBERG	135 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y.	MA 2 6640

# LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

A	JESSE and DORIS ADLER	East 196 Concord Dr. Paramus, NJ	OR 8 4279M
	ANN ALLAN	720 Riverside Drive N.Y.C.	
	HARRY and SARAH ALLAN	813 East 51 Street Brooklyn	IN 9 1466
B	LLOYD and ADELAIDE BERGEN	Bolles School Jacksonville, Fla.	96640
	ERNST and ILSE BULOVA	Prospect Place New Milford	EL 4 5169
C	HECTOR CHEVANNES	Wiltwick School for Boys Esopus, N.Y.	
	DON and GLADYS COLBURN	Drew Theological Seminary Madison, N.J.	
F	LESLIE FERNANDES	4578 Park Avenue Bronx	SE 3 0091
G	PETER and EMELYN GAROFALO	119-40 Union Turnpike Kew Gardens	LI 4 2549
H	JOHN HERZOG	33-81 162 Street Flushing, N.Y.	FL 9 5171
	JULIE HOROWITZ	163 Eastern Parkway Brooklyn 38	ST 3 0429
J	PETER JANSEN	4523 Broadway New York City	WI 2 0804
K	DAVID and JEANNE KATZ	37-21 80 Street Jackson Hts. 72	HI 6 7187
L	BERNARD LEE	Claremont Rdg. Acad. 175 W. 89 NY.	SC 4 5100
	RHODA LEVINE	42-50 Murray Street Flushing	FL 9 2461
	HAL and BEA LOREN	140 Heatherdell Road Ardsley, N.Y.	DO 3 4999
M	ELINOR "DUTCH" MAYER	1010 Calif. Pl. South Island Park	LO 6 5004
	PAT McVEY (CRISCITIELLO)	54 Maple Street Princeton, N.J.	
	YAFFA MILLER	%Goldstein 921 Mtgmry. St. Bklyn.	HY 3 8203
	DANIEL MURGUE	Association Atlantique 972 5 Ave. N.Y.C.	21
O	JOAN O'ROURKE	1015 S. Calif. Pl. Island Park	LO 6 3624W
P	STANLEY POLER	1637 Paulding Ave. Bronx 61	TA 9 4355
T	DIANE (RONNIE) RIBUFFO	Chicago, Illinois	
	OLIVIA (LIVVY) RIDELL	321 Edgcombe Avenue New York 31	WA 6 1716
	GABRIELE ROSENBERG	45 Park Avenue Mt. Vernon, N.Y.	MO 8 6544
S	TONY SALETAN	36 Buff Road Tenafly, N.J.	EN 3 3944
	BOB and LENNY SIMON	555 Ft. Washington Avenue N.Y. 33	WA 7 1585
	LARRY SINGER	97 Hart Street Brooklyn	EU 4 4307
	ALEX STRASSER	30-60 29 Street Long Island City	RA 8 5940
W	MARTIN and ADELE WEISS	1520 Archer Road Bronx 62	UN 3 3047
	HERTHA WERNER	369 Mission Road Glendale 5, California	
	LEON and JULIA WINSTON	48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4	YO 3 7417



**D**uring the two months of the summer of 1953, we've met people, gotten to know them well, and enjoyed their companionship. We've worked closely with the CIT's, the assistants, and the counselors in all the activities into which we have entered. We have taken note of the activities in which these people engage, and individual traits which they may have. On the next two pages we have listed these people and left them, in fun, gifts which they might like to have, doing things which they enjoy doing, or in places where they like to be. The items in this will call to mind something which we like to remember about each of these people.

And so, with the hope that the beneficiaries will long treasure what or how we have left them, - - - - -

We

the campers of Buck's Rock Work Camp,  
being of sound mind and body, as our last  
will and testament of 1953, do leave the  
following:

ERNST BULOVA  
ILSE BULOVA  
DORIS ADLER  
JESSE ADLER  
ANNE ALLAN  
HARRY ALLAN  
SARAH ALLAN  
ADELAIDE BERGEN  
LLOYD BERGEN  
HECTOR SCHEVANNES  
DON COLBURN  
GLADYS COLBURN  
DAPHNE EATON  
LES FERNANDES  
EMELYN GAROFOLLO  
PETER GAROFOLLO  
JOHN HERZOG  
JULIE HOROWITZ  
PETER JANSEN  
DAVE KATZ  
JEANNE KATZ  
BOB KUPPERMAN  
BERNARD LEE  
RHODA LEVINE  
HAL LOREN  
DUTCH MAYER  
DOLORES McLARTY  
PAT McVEY  
YAFFA MILLER  
DANIEL MURGUE  
JOAN O'Rourke  
STAN POLER  
RONNIE RIBUFFO  
LIBBY RIDELL  
GABBY ROSENBERG  
TONY SALETAN  
BOB SIMON  
LENNY SIMON  
LARRY SINGER  
ALEX STRASSER  
ADELE WEISS  
MARTIN WEISS  
HERTHA WERNER  
JULIA WINSTON  
LEON WINSTON

Fewer crazy mixed-up kids  
a Mosler ice box  
20 questions  
7-day weekends  
enough typewriters  
a short meeting  
a costume company  
a trading post  
unpoisoned string beans  
a couch  
a Dragnet for the farmhouse  
still glad  
an automatic table washer  
a baseball bat for the 8 bunk  
an automatic squeegee  
a Buck's Rock polo shirt  
singing "If I Had a Hammer"  
a Van Dyke beard  
a year's supply of oranges  
fewer silly people  
a cover for the tone  
living cadavers  
harmonic horses  
more Section Eights  
the C.I.HU  
a Mack truck with wooden shoes  
a slop machine  
barbed wire for the Annex  
a weaver and a little tailor  
bonne chance  
a clay tennis court  
lighted dark rooms  
a sick potter's wheel  
Silent Night  
a glazed Martini  
puttin' on the style  
a Lenny for his thoughts  
a BOBBIN  
without a buddy  
hot buttered scallions  
nothing. (In particular.)  
post cards about Buck's Rock  
Mt. Everest  
a Mondrian  
digesting weeds



And, that they may treasure them through-  
out their long lives ahead, we also leave  
the following:

ALAN BLANK  
DIANE COLB  
CAROLYN EPSTEIN  
STEVE FLEISCHER  
THEA FUCHS  
JUDY LACK  
JIM LEHRICH  
BOB NOVEMBER  
JERRY POLLEN  
BOB THOMASES

a John Bee sail  
a calligraphic typewriter  
a gem of a Farmhouse girl  
shoveling  
going loomey  
ceWQment  
bagels for his locks  
a cow and a sow and a do re mi  
Carnegie Hall  
horsing around

MIKE ALLEN  
CECILE BAKER  
ANA BERLIANT  
BILL BERMAN  
BOB BRUSSEL  
BOB CITKOWITZ  
DANNY COHEN  
PETER COHEN  
MIKE DAVIS  
ESTHER DWORETZSKY  
JOHN GEIST  
ARNIE GELLER  
LAURA GLARDEN  
LAURIE GREGOR  
PETER HALL  
JOEL HENDLER  
JULIA HERSKOWITZ  
DAVE JASEN  
JUDY KANTROWITZ  
RICHARD KARP  
VIC KOVNER  
NANCY KURZ  
PETER KURZ  
CAROL LEVINE  
RICHARD LEVY  
ANDY MORRISON  
JON MUSER  
VIC RIPP  
STEVE ROSS  
JOAN ROTH  
JEFF SCHLANGER  
BOB SCHNECK  
DONALD SCHWARZ  
PAUL SILFEN  
STEVE SIMENSKY  
KITTY SINGERMAN  
HANK SWEETBAUM  
DAVE TABIN  
SHAWNA TROPP  
STAN WEISENBERG  
ANNE WIKLER  
BOB WOHLGEMUTH  
ALICE ZUCKERBERG

a clean tape recorder  
on her toes  
a tailless pony  
talking shop  
sprouting  
delivering  
teaching biology in a darkroom  
on a see-saw  
a little foot  
roller skates  
an unbent crowbar  
stock in the Dodgers  
slipping  
a glazed laugh  
on the beam  
Finian's Rainbow  
dissected  
a rag mop  
in her lanyard  
a crew cut  
shopping valiantly  
in the good old colony days  
a 500-string guitar  
Christmas Cackles  
a pencil for his thoughts  
a fraternity bid  
a few more cute tricks  
all sewed up  
eternally happy  
giving guitar lessons  
more bugs  
on the road to the isles  
sinking inn  
a bulls-eye  
a farmer's daughter  
cat-nip  
a wooden animal farm  
polka-dot typewriter ribbons  
a picky-picky-picky-poo  
saving lives  
beer for her beer mug  
a red gillik  
a perfect silkscreen



T

hey discovered it before me.  
And I accepted what they told me.  
But I didn't understand what I had accepted  
And so I discovered for myself  
What I didn't understand  
And I'm still learning.

To discover is an eternal cycle,  
And, once you've discovered  
You're almost sure to have barely touched  
What's on the surface.

JOAN ROTH



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MANY PEOPLE ASKED FOR A PLACE FOR

# AUTOGRAPHS

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*



